

4
ABRA-MULE:

K O R,

841.c 6
4

LOVE and EMPIRE.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

NEW THEATRE

I N

LITTLE LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

By the Reverend Mr Joseph Grange.

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas, & Amor.*

Metamorph. lib. 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate, next
Grays-Inn Lane. 1704.

ABRAMULE

LOVE and EMILY

TRAGEDY

NEW THEATRE

OF THE

THEATRE

THEATRE

THEATRE

THEATRE

T O T H E
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The L A D Y

HARRIET GODOLPHIN.

now Dutches of Marlborough in her own right
1722

M A D A M,

YOUR signal Favour to this Play during its Representation on the Stage, and Your great Generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an Offering of both to Your Ladiship; and publish my Gratitude for such uncommon Goodness and Condescension.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to Your Character; the World was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining Qualities, by which Your Ladiship is so eminently distinguish'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for Your sake that I address to You, but for my own; not to make any

ABRAHAM:

TO THE

TRAGEDY

NEW THEATRE

IN

THE

THEATRE

OF

THE

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

The L A D Y

HARRIET GODOLPHIN.

now Dutches of Marlborough in her own right
1722

M A D A M,

YOUR signal Favour to this Play during its Representation on the Stage, and Your great Generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an Offering of both to Your Ladiship; and publish my Gratitude for such uncommon Goodness and Condescension.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to Your Character; the World was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining Qualities, by which Your Ladiship is so eminently distinguish'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for Your sake that I address to You, but for my own; not to make any

The Dedication.

Return to Your Ladiship, but to do Honour to my self. Which I should not have presum'd to have done without Your Permission; and even that brings a fresh Obligation upon me. For nothing could be a greater Improvement of Your former Bounty, than Your Leave to make this solemn Acknowledgment of it; and to Persons of Your Ladiship's Rank, we cannot publickly return Thanks for one Favour, without receiving another.

For what could reflect more Lustre on this Poem, than so celebrated a Name prefix'd to it? 'Tis the peculiar Glory of Tragedy, that it has always been the most agreeable Entertainment to the fair Sex; who have been ever more indulgent to that, than to any other sort of Poetry. Men are generally less capable of those tender Impressions, which the Ladies (who are form'd with finer Resentments) more easily receive. But if this be the best Pretence we can make to Masculine Wisdom, and Superiority of Reason, I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be soon mov'd to Compassion, and sensible of the Misfortunes of others, is rather a Perfection in Human Nature, than an Argument of Weakness or Infirmary.

'Tis

The Dedication.

'Tis for this Reason, Madam, that Performances of this kind are the most proper Offerings to the Fair; and I am particularly happy in presenting this to One who has all their Excellencies without any of their Defects.

But I perceive I am in Danger of disobliging Your Ladiship, while I am doing You that Justice which will be highly pleasing to every Body but Your self. I shall therefore only beg Leave to add, that since Love and Valour are the Springs of Tragedy, and give Life and Motion to it; nothing could be more proper than to address this to Your Ladiship, whose Family is remarkable, above any other, for giving so much Beauty to the Court, and so much Courage to the Field; the one to Adorn, the other to Defend Your Country; the one to Triumph at home, and the other abroad. I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladiship's most Obedient,

and most Humble Servant.

Joseph Addison

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

WHAT various Thoughts a Poet's Breast divide,
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!
Guilty of Scribling, with beseeching Hands,
Before your Bar the Malefactor stands.
Now hopes 'twill please, now doubts 'twill prove but dull;
Mourns a thin Pit, yet dreads it when 'tis full.
These are at best the anxious Writers cares:
But he, who now your fatal Censure fears,
Has no great Man to Countenance his Muse,
And shield him from the Arts which Rival Factions use.
No necessary Friends to start Applause,
T' o'erpower Ill-nature, and support his Cause.
Then 'tis all Tragedy which he prepares,
With no refreshing interval of Farce.
Nay, but one Song; his Numbers rarely chime,
Nor bless the Gall'ries with the Sweets of Rhime.
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghosts to rise;
No Fustian roars, nor mimick Lightning flies;
No Thunder from his Heroes, or the Skies.

With all these Disadvantages oppress'd,
He still has Hopes, and makes his bold Request
To Men of Sense; and here are none, I know,
But either are, or think at least they're so.

PROLOGUE.

To you, with modest Awe, he dares to speak;
Will not assume too much, yet scorns to sneak.
He boasts not of his Genius, or his Rules;
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.
Yet to Desert disclaims not all Pretence;
To be so Modest would be Impudence.
For surely his Presumption must be great,
Who dares invite his Betters to no Treat.
He not expects you should gross Dulness flatter,
Yet leaves you room enough to shew good Nature.
Begs you would come, of all ill Passion eas'd;
Patient to hear, and willing to be pleas'd.
Cowards and Fools are barbarous, and think
All Wit and Valour is to damn and sink;
But Weakness in Distress still finds Defence
From Men of Courage, and from Men of Sense.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Mahomet</i> , the IV. Emperor of the <i>Turks</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Pyrrhus</i> , Grand Visier.	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Solyman</i> , Brother to <i>Mahomet</i> .	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Kisler Aga</i> , or Superintendent of the <i>Seraglio</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Haly</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Cuproli</i> .	Mr. <i>Cory</i> .
<i>Mursa</i> , a <i>Tartarian</i> Merchant.	Mr. <i>Fieldhouse</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Abra-Mulè</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Zaida</i> , her Confident.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Marama</i> , a Creature of <i>Solyman's</i> .	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
Eunuchs, Bassas, Janizaries and Attendants.	

Scene, *Constantinople*.

ABRA-

ABRA-MULE:

O R,

LOVE and EMPIRE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Murfa and Abra-Mulè.

Mur. **T**HIS Day, fair *Abra*, should by you be priz'd
As the most fortunate of all your Life,
In which you shall be rais'd from low Obscurity,
To the sublimest Height of Earthly Greatness:
Brought as the richest Present to the Sultan,
To crown his Pleasures, and adorn his Court;
To entertain with Joy his softest Hours,
And charm the World's great Master with your Beauty.

Abr. Rather, as often as this Day returns
Within the Round of the revolving Year,
Let me be clad in melancholy Sables;
Exhaust the springing Fountains of my Eyes,
Indulge my Grief, and waste my self in Mourning.
Be rais'd to Grandeur? No—I shall be thrown
Lower than first my vulgar Fortune plac'd me.
O think not, Sir, to sooth me with the Name
Of fancy'd Glory; for when Virtue's gone,
And Infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
Above the greatest Monarch, you debase
My humble Birth, and sink me into Greatness.

Mur. Ungrateful Maid!—Are then my Benefits

B

So

So soon forgotten? Dost thou not remember
That to this saving Arm thou ow'st thy Being?

Abr. I do, and bless you for that gen'rous Action.

Mur. Had I not interpos'd 'twixt Death and thee,
When I with Thousands of my Country-men
Made an Incurſion into *Muscovy*,
Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me
To contradict my Will——Methinks I now
See the relentless Ruffian, with his Sword
Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the Stroak,
And thy bare Bosom heaving at the Point.
Thy tender Innocence, and unripe Beauty,
Which then ev'n in a Child appear'd most lovely,
Mov'd me to soft Compassion. Strait I seiz'd
His threatening Arm, and stop'd the coming Blow.
Scarce then had Sev'n full Winters snow'd upon thee;
And those Twelve Years in which thou hast been mine,
Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,
With all th' indulgent Kindness of a Father?

Abr. Hear me with Patience, Sir.——

Mur. 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this Voyage,
She always has been froward, and appear'd
Averse to my Design, but now of late
Much more than ever.——Ha!——I have a Thought;——
It must be so——I'll put her to the Trial.——
An ill Return you've made me for my Kindness, [*Aside.*
To her.
Forgetful *Abra*; but since no Persuasions
Can bend you to my Will, I will comply
With a fond Woman's Humour, be content
To lose my Journey, and return again.
And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.
Ha! What, not move? What fresh Commotion's this?
What means that humble Posture, and those Tears?

Abr. Kneeling.] Alas! why will you break my tender Heart?

Mur. Thy Words amaze me. Didst thou not desire
To fly the loath'd Embraces of the Sultan,
And to return again?

Abr. I did indeed
Desire to fly th' Embraces of the Sultan,
And yet upon my bended Knees would beg you
Not to return again.——

Mur.

Love and Empire.

3

Mur. 'Tis so for certain.

I understand you not, explain your Meaning. [*Afide.*
[*To her.*

Abr. Since then you urge me to the brink of Fate,
Tho' nothing but the Fear of Separation
From the most brave of Men, and best of Lovers
Could force me to disclose the mighty Secret;
I will unlock my Breast, and lay before you
The inmost Thoughts and Counsels of my Soul.
Know then (but e'er my Story reach your Ears
Learn to forgive, and Arm your self with Patience)
That since the time that mine and your Deliv'rer,
The gen'rous Visier, the thrice Noble *Pyrrhus*
Rescu'd us in our Journey to this City,
From the rough Insolence of stern *Polonians*,
I have in secret lov'd that wond'rous Man,
And he with equal Fire receiv'd my Passion.
And during those Four Months, in which I lay
Hinder'd from Travelling by tedious Sicknefs,
We have, by mutual Intercourse, exchang'd
Each other's Souls——Ev'n now, while my dear Lord
Is absent at the Wars, and leading on
His succ'ring Troops to raise the Siege of *Buda*,
He has not been unmindful of his Love,
But has by Letters——

Mur. Yes, I understand you——
You are of late, it seems, grown intimate
With the Chief Minister of State——For him
You would reserve your self, for him you'd stay,
For him you would avoid th'Imperial Bed.
But hear me, Maid——Nay, do not kneel and weep,
Nor think to mollifie me with thy Pray'rs:
For know thy Sentence is already pass'd,
Nor is it in my Power to reverse it.
Already I've contracted for thy Beauty,
And all things are prepar'd for thy Reception.
Therefore, no more——Attend me in this Hour
To be presented to the World's great Lord;
Farewel, and think of nothing but Obedience. [*Exit.*

Abr. O harsh Command! Cruel, Hard-hearted *Murfa*,
Inexorable, obstinate Old Man!
Obedience! What Obedience? And to whom?——

B 2

But

But why (alas!) do I deliberate,
As if I were my own, and all my Actions
At liberty? Superior Violence
O'er-rules my Will; I must of force obey,
Because I have no Power to resist,
And am too impotent to be Rebellious.

Enter Zaida and Pyrrhus.

Zaid. In Tears? — But see, I bring you Comfort, Madam.

Abr. My Lord, my Life return'd? Then all my Woes
Shall be forgot, at least I will a while
Suspend my Griefs, and be all Joy and Pleasure,
To welcome, with the most transporting Raptures,
All that my Soul holds dear.

Pyr. Thou loveliest Creature,
I too, at Sight of thee, have lost the Sense
Of past Misfortunes — Just at my Arrival
Last Night, by favour of the friendly Darkness,
Hither I came private and unattended,
Directed, by thy Letters, to the Place
Of thy Abode; and ever since have waited
For a convenient Opportunity
To gain Admission here, which *Murfa's* Absence,
And *Zaida's* Help at last have giv'n. — And now,
At the reviving Prospect of thy Beauties,
Grief leaves my Breast, and healing Joy succeeds.
Thou smil'st — Let Fortune frown then, I'll despise her,
I'll not regard the Sultan's cold Reception,
Since I am welcome to these Arms. —

Abr. Yes, my dear Lord, I may without a Blush
Receive these chaste Embraces; and to you,
Who love with Honour, I with Innocence
May give these Tokens of my vow'd Fidelity.
But I, alas! am doom'd to guilty Joys,
To the detested Arms of *Mahomet*.
I must, in spite of me, resign my Honour,
And rob you of your Right. — Injurious *Murfa*
Despising Tears, and deaf to all Intreaties,
Has sworn this Hour to yield me to the Sultan;
And I by honest Shifts, and commendable Cheats,
No longer can deceive him. —

Pyr. O the Villain!

Can ought that's Human harbour so much Baseness?
Are then the Joys of this bless'd Meeting dash'd
So soon? So soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain Embraces? — Thus like one
Who in a Dream, with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary Form;
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely Object,
It slides away, and vanishes to Air:

So I, who thro' opposing Difficulties
Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms,
At length am disappointed, and but see thee
To take my last Farewel. — O slipp'ry State
Of Human Pleasures, fleet and volatile! —
Giv'n us, and snatch'd again in one short Moment
To mortifie our Hopes, and edge our Suff'rings!

Abr. When you, in a Physician's Garb disguis'd,
Came without Molestation to my Lodgings,
I unsuspected could dissemble Sicknes.
But when the Clamours of your suffering Country
Tore you from me, and sent you to the Wars:
Then, lest my harmless Fraud at length should be
Detected by a true Physician's Skill;
I was oblig'd to quit my feign'd Distemper,
And own my self Recov'ring.

Pyr. 'Twas, indeed,
Impossible for thee to counterfeit
A false Disease, unless thou cou'dst with Art
Extinguish all thy Charms; for surely none
Could so far be impos'd on, as to think
That the grim Form of pale and meagre Sicknes
Could e'er be seated in a Face so lovely.

Abr. With many a vain Excuse, and false Pretence
Did I, 'till now, defer the fatal Hour:
But the insatiate Avarice of *Murfa*,
No longer patient of my slight Evasions,
Resolv'd at last, and fix'd upon this Day
To Sacrifice me to the Sultan's Pleasure.

Pyr. Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,
But Trading with the Purchase of thy Virtue?
Damn'd Avarice! Cursed, destructive Avarice!
Thou everlasting Foe to Love and Honour! —

What

What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
 If Chastity it self be saleable,
 And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'scape him?
 But I'll not talk away these precious Moments: ———
 But fly with all the Wings that Love can lend,
 To find this sordid, mercenary Churl,
 And gorge his rav'nous Appetite with Gold;
 I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from Disgrace,
 And once Defraud my Master. ——— [Going.

Abr. Stay, my Lord,
 And let not your Concern for my Deliv'rance
 Hurry you on to things impracticable.
 You know you often have propos'd these Means
 To me before; and I as often told you
 The Royal Funds will scarce suffice to slake
 His raging Thirst of Gold: Then he's Perverse,
 Wilful and Froward, Positive and Proud;
 Has long with Pleasure hugg'd this great Design,
 Fed with vast Hopes of Grandeur; and conceiv'd
 Such strange Opinions of my fatal Beauty,
 That half the World he thinks too little Recompence
 For such a Present. This I oft have told you,
 And you have thought it Reason.

Pyr. True, I have;
 But then I had not that high Eminence
 Of Pow'r and Greatness which I now possess;
 Nor Wealth enough perhaps to raise a Bribe
 Sufficient; but he will not sure refuse
 So vast Treasure as I now can give:
 Besides, my Honour and Authority
 Will awe him to Compliance.

Abr. Were that true,
 Yet 'tis too late: He cannot now comply ———
 His Word is gone too far to be recall'd:
 The fatal Contract for my Virgin Honour
 Already is agreed on, and e'er this
 The Purchase paid; and should you urge him now,
 Perhaps incens'd by your Sollicitations,
 He may inform the Sultan of your Love;
 And then your Life, my Lord, will be in Danger.

Pyr. And what can Life afford desireable,

When

When thou art lost for ever?

Abr. But perhaps

Some more secure Expedient may be found
To rescue me from Shame, and save my Honour,
Without the hazard of your precious Life.

Pyr. Oh no! — I am not now what once I was —
For, since I parted from thee, Fate has tarnish'd
My Glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with Misfortunes.
When leading first my Troops to succour *Buda*,
I enter'd on that fatal Expedition;
I thought to give such Tokens of my Valour
And Conduct, that I might with Confidence
Dare beg thee of my Royal Master's Bounty,
As a Reward for my past Services.
But Fortune has defeated those Designs. —
Yet still some Hopes I have — The *Kisler Aga*,
Who governs all in the Seraglio,
To whom you are presented, is my Friend.
Perhaps his prudent Management may yet
Recover all. — Mean while, farewell, my Love:
I must to Court, to justify my Conduct,
And clear me to the Sultan.

Abr. Part so soon!

Perhaps to meet no more — Indeed 'tis hard. —

Pyr. Thou weep'st; O stop that Show'r of falling Sorrows,
Which melts me to the Softness of a Woman,
And shakes my best Resolves. — 'Tis hard indeed —
So hard, that I have need of all my Courage
And manly Reason, to support the Thought. —
Short have our Meetings been, by Stealth enjoy'd,
By interrupted, broken Intervals,
And murder'd by the Pangs of often Parting.
Such as sad Spirits prove, who nightly wander
To visit the lov'd Objects they admire;
Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,
But quickly warn'd away. — Yet ev'n They go
With less Regret than I, when at the Dawn
They lag behind, and fain would longer stay,
'Till summon'd by the Morn's unwelcom Ray,
By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave the Day.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Royal Apartment: Mahomet seated in State. Prince Solyman, Haly, Cuproli, Bassa's, Janizaries, &c.

Mah. Our Prophet seems unmindful of his Charge,
And leaves our Empire to be steer'd at random
By blind Contingency; for did not he
Sit at his Ease, and slumber unconcern'd,
He would not tamely have resign'd my Honour,
Nor suffer'd, spight of all my best Endeavours,
My darling *Buda* to be ravish'd from me.

Cupr. The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his Part
By substituting you to govern for him;
And having to your Care entrusted all,
He thinks he safely may a while withdraw
His Tutelary Pow'r, and leave the World
To you, his great Vice-gerent: And had you
Been equally successful in your Choice
Of all those Ministers who move beneath you,
Buda had still been ours.

Sol. I always thought
The Visier's Conduct would prove fatal to us.

Hal. This strange Miscarriage has indeed abated
The high Esteem which I long entertain'd
For that great Man; and if free Liberty
Be granted to disclose our real Sentiments,
It seems to me——

Mah. Be silent——I perceive
You are all agreed with Fortune, to depress
The rising Glories of the Noble *Pyrrhus*;
And nought more easie, than with formal Rhet'rick
To cast the Odium of a Battle lost
On him that manag'd it: But you forget
That dire Misfortune, and the Chance of War,
Often defeat the best Contrivances.
And since in many dangerous Campaigns
He has giv'n such Proof of his undaunted Valour,
Those Laurels which his conqu'ring Sword has won
Should shadow this Miscarriage.

Enter

Enter a Janizary.

Jan. Mighty Monarch,
Th' unfortunate Grand-Vizier is arriv'd,
And humbly craves Admittance.

Mah. Bid him enter.

[*Exit Janiz.*

Now all prepare from his own Mouth to hear
The Vindication of his injur'd Honour.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Is this the Man so much renown'd in War
For Cities storm'd, and Battles bravely fought?
Does it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*
To enter like a private Sentinel
Constantinople's Gates?

Then unattended to appear at Court,
And send in his Petition for Admittance?
Not so he look'd, when throng'd with Multitudes
Of the applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd,
When waving Colours did adorn his Triumph,
And Trumpets sprightly Sound proclaim'd his Entry.

Pyr. With such Magnificence, and Martial Pomp,
'Till now, were my Arrivals always honour'd;
The thund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me,
And what was more, the Sov'raign of the World
With gracious Looks, and open Arms receiv'd me.
But now (O dire Reverse of fickle Chance!)

I come inglorious, like a Criminal,
To clear my Honour, and excuse my Conduct.

Mah. Begin then, and as bravely as you fought
Redeem your Reputation.

Pyr. As I fought?
Have I then liv'd to be arraign'd of Cowardise?
Ask brave *Loraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,
If ever I in Fight declin'd his Arms,
Or e'er was startled at the Face of Danger.
But 'twas not in my Pow'r t' inspire my Troops
With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.
All my Designs and Methods still were cross'd
By some unlucky, thwarting Accident,
As if the unseen Hand of Providence
Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat
My close Contrivances, and break my Measures.

Hal. He little thinks whose Providence it was
That foil'd his Policy.

[*Aside to Capt.*

Pyr. Whate'er Designs,
Tho' manag'd with the greatest Secrefie,
I had resolv'd upon, the Enemy,
As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,
Still mov'd againſt them, and prevented me.
So that I much ſuſpect I was betray'd
By hidden Treach'ry, and ſome envious Baſſa
To whom in Council I reveal'd my Thoughts,
Kept ſecret Correſpondence with the Foe,
And gave Intelligence.

Sol. A lucky Gueſſer.

[*Aside to Haly.*

Pyr. But if your Highneſs for full Satisfaction
Demand a more particular Account,
This Paper will inform you, ſign'd by moſt
Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,
In which at large they juſtifie my Conduct,
And wipe off all Aſperſions.—

[*Presents a Writing.*

Mah. You have indeed giv'n ample Satisfaction,
And tho' o'ercome you-acquit your ſelf with Honour;
My *Pyrrhus* ſtill deſerves my beſt Eſteem
And claims the higheſt place in my Affections.

[*Comes from the Throne, and embraces him.*

Therefore let theſe Embraces witneſs for me,
That I impute this Loſs to no Defect
In you; nor blame your Conduct, or your Valour.
Continue ſtill t'enjoy your Dignity;
And be the ſecond Perſon in that Empire,
Which with your Sword ſo bravely you defend.
What tho' our Glory be a while obſcur'd?
The cleareſt Day is not without ſome Cloud.
Our next Attempt will give, what this has loſt,
And while th' Heroick *Pyrrhus* ſhines in Arms
Our wide Dominions ſhall the World o'er-run,
And my pale Crefcent brighten to a Sun.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Seraglio.*

Enter Haly and Caproli.

Hal. DID you observe with what a thund'ring Tone
The Royal Boaster talk'd? how loud he bluster'd?
As if the Loss of this important Place
Had added to the Grandeur of his Empire.

Cupr. The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*
Transported him so far, that he forgot
His shameful Overthrow, and look'd as stern
As if his Foes were all in Battle Slain,
And *Buda* still were part of his Dominions.

Hal. And so it now had been, had not my Care,
My vigilant, unweary'd Diligence
Still balk'd, and undermin'd the Visier's Conduct,
For I must own (tho' cursing let me speak it)
A braver Gen'ral never shone in Steel;
And yet his Skill in warlike Discipline
So cools, and qualifies his matchless Courage,
That it ne'er conquers the restraining Bounds
Of Reason, or degen'rates into Rashness:
'Tis no impetuous Sally of the Blood;
But 'tis the Constitution of his Soul,
And can no more——

Cupr. Cankers consume your Tongue;
Must you too in his Praise turn Orator,
And waste on so detestable a Subject
Your awkward Rhetorick?

Hal. Mistake me not;——
Tho' I do Justice to his Character,
You cannot boast a more exalted Hatred
Against the Visier's Person, than my self;
Who have with such Dexterity defeated
His Plots, and render'd all his Hopes abortive.

Cupr. But to what purpose? since he's rooted still
As deep as ever in the Sultan's Favour;——
But by the Rage that glows within my Breast,

He shall not 'scape me thus, tho' now he shines
 Above us all, and lords it o'er his Betters;
 And, while he moves in that exalted Sphere,
 Injuriouſly debars me from my Right.
 For that high Office by Inheritance
 Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother
 Of two ſucceſſive Viſiers; why ſhould I,
 My Friend, be thought unworthy of that Honour
 Which my Great Father, and my Elder Brother
 With ſuch Succeſs have manag'd?

Hal. Mahomet

No doubt can give a Reason.

Cupr. Mahomet?

That Name begins to grate my Ears as harſhly
 As that of the ſcarce more deteſted *Pyrrhus*.
 For how can I pay dutiful Allegiance
 To him, who ne'er regarding my Deſert
 Has giv'n my Right to that aspiring Upſtart;
 And ſtill ſupports him, wears him next his Heart
 In ſpight of all——But ſee, the hated Viſier
 Appears, and with him that black ominous Dog
 The *Kiſler Aga*——Death!——My Blood ferments
 At ſight of 'em——Let us retire, and ſhun
 Their Walk; the Air they breath in is not whoſom. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pyrrhus, and the Kiſler Aga.

Pyr. Ha! *Cuproli*, and *Haly*! Their Cabals
 Portend no Good to me.——
 For I've obſerv'd that thoſe two haughty Courtiers
 Since my Advancement have, with envious Eyes,
 Beheld my Honours; with a gloomy Look
 They ſcowl upon me, if I chance to meet them:
 Then with a ſtiff, unwilling Bow they pay me
 Surly Reſpect, and ſullenly paſs by.

Kiſl. This arrogant Behaviour gives——

Pyr. No more——

I have no Time to waſte on Toys like theſe;
 The Care of Life and Safety muſt employ
 My leiſure Hours; at preſent I've Affairs
 Of greater Moment.——You've already heard
 The Story of my Love, and *Murſa's* Baſeneſs;
 And e'er an Hour is paſt, you will receive

The beauteous *Abra* from that Monster's Hand.

Kiss. Already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;
And sure she is so exquisitely fram'd,
That I who many Years have dealt in Beauty,
And had the fairest Females from all Parts
Committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld,
'Mongst such variety of Foreign Charms,
A Virgin half so lovely — She excels
Ev'n *English* Beauties, and eclipses all
Those various Nations, who with Pride attend
Upon the Sultan's Pleasures.

Pyr. O! She is all Perfection; and tho' born
In a cold frozen Clime, o'er-spread with Ice
And driving Snow; (which, if compar'd with hers,
Loses its Whiteness) yet her Eyes dart Fire
Able to melt the most benumn'd of Hearts
With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softness.
Therefore, my Friend, as thou regard'st my Life,
Conspire with me in this, 'tis honest Fraud;
Secretly free her from this new Confinement,
And, while thou canst, restore her to my Wishes.

Kiss. What you propose is hazardous and difficult:
Her Beauty could not 'scape th' observing Eyes
Of some in the Seraglio; and be sure
I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope
Of a Reward, will give the Sultan notice
Of such unfaithful Dealing — One I know
Who has it in her Pow'r t' inform against me.
For to divert the beauteous Stranger's Sadness,
I recommended her to the Acquaintance
Of one who holds the very next Apartment;
Whom I commanded by her frequent Visits,
To cheer her Solitude.

Pyr. O fear not her:
She never will inform; but rather chuse
(For her own sake) t' assist thee in removing
Her charming Rival hence.

Kiss. Perhaps she might,
Had she that Youth and Bloom she once enjoy'd:
But this is one, whose antiquated Beauty
Has lost the Privilege of the Sultan's Bed;

And

And is bestow'd upon the Prince his Brother,
 The am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,
 I shall observe her Temper; Gold perhaps
 May bribe her to be silent, and the rest
 Time may dispatch beyond your Expectation.
 Nor are they groundless Hopes —— I have a Project,
 (At leisure you shall hear Particulars)
 Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,
 May one Day Crown your Loves.

Pyr. 'Till then, my Friend,
 Be it thy Care to keep her from the sight
 Of *Mahomet*, who, as he is o'erwhelm'd
 With Cares, and vex'd at unsuccessful War,
 Neglects his Loves; and therefore will forbear
 To claim her of thee, while he's ignorant
 How beautiful a Treasure he possesses.
 Mean while my Care shall be to fill his Mind
 With fresh Supplies of Bus'ness, to divert him
 From am'rous Thoughts —— The rest of my Design
 I will impart hereafter —— One thing more ——
 Let *Zaida* still have free Admission to her;
 Her Conversation will abate her Melancholy,
 And make the Time less tedious.

Kiss. Doubt not, Sir,
 Of my Fidelity, and be assur'd
 Your Cares are mine. ——

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Re-enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. 'Twas greatly thought; but an Attempt so daring
 Staggers my Resolution.

Cupr. Can'st thou scruple?
 I tell thee, Fate is in our Enterprize,
 I see it written in th' Eternal Volume,
 That *Mahomet* must tumble —— All your Doubts
 Will quickly vanish, if you but reflect
 On his past Reign, which still has been attended
 With one continu'd Series of Misfortunes.
 You need not be inform'd that ill Success
 Renders a Sultan odious in the Eyes
 Of th' unreflecting Vulgar, who conclude
 That angry Heav'n will never be atton'd,
 'Till they remove him from th' Imperial Seat.

Our Army's unexpected Overthrow
Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd
After a tedious and expensive Siege,
You know incens'd the murm'ring Populace,
And ev'n the ruling Part of the *Divan*.
But the late Loss of *Buda* has enrag'd them
Beyond all Bounds; and now they only want
Some Person of Authority to head 'em,
And fire 'em with the Name of *Solyman*
The next Successor, who will easily
Be wrought into our Plot——What think you now?

Hal. Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*
Sits loose upon his Throne: H' has been long tott'ring,
And nothing now is wanting, but our Help
To give him his last Push, and down he tumbles.

Cupr. Yes, since he still protects my mortal Foe,
He shall be thrown from the Imperial Seat,
And crush that Fav'rite with his dreadful Ruins.
Thus I at once shall satiate my Revenge,
And glut Ambition; for the next Successor
I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,
Shalt then enjoy the third Place in the Empire
Which hated *Karah-Ibraim* now usurps,
And thou so well deserv'st.

Hal. You over-rate
My Actions, if you think they can deserve
The third Place in the Empire——Tho' at present
I see no Cause why I should not be thought
As worthy of the second, as your self.

[*Aside.*

But what if unaspiring *Solyman*,
Control'd by Checks of Conscience, should refuse
So daring a Proposal? He's the Hinge
On which our Project turns, and should he fail us,
Our Plots are all unravell'd.

Cupr. I confess
'Tis in his Pow'r to frustrate all our Hopes;
Nor can this bold Conspiracy succeed,
Unless that Prince concur to our Design.
For tho' the Soldiers Hearts be alienated
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial Line

Appear,

Appear, and urge his Title to the Throne.

Hal. Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply
With our Desires.

Cupr. 'Tis true he wants Ambition,
And melancholy Blood retards the Springs
Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worse,
He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion.
But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing;
And thou and I, by long and near Acquaintance,
Have gain'd an absolute Ascendant o'er him.
By means of which we may, without Restraint,
Use the most cogent Arguments to fire
His Soul with glorious Thoughts of Fame and Empire.
Ha! we have talk'd him hither——

Enter Solyman.

Sol. What is the Subject of Debate, my Friends?

Cupr. Why, Sir, we were consulting which is best,
To suffer by the Bow-string or the Scymitar.

Sol. But why that Question?

Cupr. 'Tis a proper one,
For that we are to die is past all Doubt.

Sol. Your Reason?

Cupr. You know we have arraign'd the Visier's Conduct
Before the Sultan; but without Success.
And since we have not, as we first design'd,
Compleated his Destruction, 'tis most certain
We have effectually procur'd our own.
For having openly declar'd our selves
Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn
Mahomet's Hatred on us, who, you know,
Can never rest, while any he suspects
Is Master of a Head.

Sol. Then I, it seems,
Am subject to like Danger.

Cupr. True, you are;
And how you can digest such rough, coarse Treatment
I know not. Can you perish like a Slave?
Think——You are born a Prince——Think on that only.

Hal. Can you be strangled by th' accursed Hands,
Of haggard Mutes? whose Dumbness speaks more Horror
Than all th' insulting, barb'rous Eloquence

Of cruel, talking Executioners:
Whose ever gloomy and unalter'd Looks
Shew they are not more dumb, than deaf to Pity.
Indeed for such Plebeian Souls as ours
It matters not; but is it fitting, Sir,
Is't fitting that a Prince born to command
The World, should suffer by the bloodless Hands
Of such detested Villains?

Sol. But what Means
Are to be us'd for Safety and Prevention?
Cupr. The Means are obvious; since we are embark'd
In a Design so dang'rous, we're oblig'd
To push the Expedition on, with all
Our Might, and drive our Treasons to the Head;
For nothing can secure us now from Punishment
For our past Actions, but atchieving greater.

Sol. I know not what you drive at.
Cupr. To be plain,
The Sultan must be ruin'd, or we perish.
Sol. Ha!
Hal. Why do you start, my Lord? 'Tis no new thing
To see a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.

Sol. I'll hear no more o' this.
Cupr. What Pity 'tis
That I had not your Birth, or you my Soul!——
A Prince without Ambition!——
O monstrous Contradiction! How it sounds!
For shame, Sir, lay aside these grov'ling Thoughts,
Exert your Royalty, and be your self;
Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect
That, since one Night gave Being to us both,
Our Mothers by Consent exchange'd their Infants:
And, tho' I'm cheated of my glorious Birth,
You are the Visier's Son, and I the Prince.

Hal. I must confess, I thought the Universe
Could not have shewn a Breast so void of Fire,
As to reject with Coldness and Disdain
The Empire of the World. At such a Proffer
You should have bounded from the Earth with Transport;
Have thrown your eager Arms about our Necks,
With sparkling Eyes, and Cheeks that glow'd Ambition,

And pray'd for Thousand Blessings on our Heads,
O how insensible, how spiritless
Is he, whom all the dazzling Charms of Greatness,
And uncontroll'd Dominion cannot move!

Sol. My Friends, you are too violent, and mistake me;
I am not of so mortify'd a Spirit,
As to reject with Coldness and Disdain
The Empire of the World.—

But yet I am not so in love with Pow'r
As to dissolve the sacred Ties of Nature,
And break thro' all Restraint of Law and Conscience,
To make my self Lord of the Universe.

No—I would sooner live and die in Silence,
Untalk'd of by the World, than gain a Throne
By such illegal Means.—

Hal. But sure your Conscience must be over-nice,
If you call that Illegal and Unjust
Which Nature has commanded: Self-defence
Is her first Principle—Think on your Wrongs,
Consider you can never injure him,
Since he's the first Aggressor. Has he not
Debarr'd you from the Pleasures of the Court,
Confin'd you to a Guard? and, what is worse,
Has he not thrice attempted on your Life?
Which had infallibly been sacrific'd,
To satiate his unnat'ral Thirst of Blood;
Had not the Sultanness with pious Fraud
Cheated his Cruelty.

Sol. All this I grant;
But were his Crimes more num'rous than they are,
And he a blacker Devil than you make him,
Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate,
Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell
By lawless Violence—As for your Lives,
I know he dares not think a Thought against them.
For in this doubtful Posture of Affairs
His Int'rest is to sooth the Populace,
Who by our Deaths would be incens'd to Madness.

Cupr. Suppose your Life be safe, which yet I question;
I'd sooner die the most abhorr'd of Deaths,
Than live as you do.—Princes of the Blood,

And

And Brothers to the Sultan? His Slaves rather;
Forc'd to comply with all his Savage Humours,
Abridg'd of Pleasure, and of Liberty.

For should you dare to cast an am'rous Glance
On one of those innumerable Beauties,
Which his unbounded Luxury engrosses;
Your Head must pay the Forfeit of your Eyes.
'Tis true; when they grow stale and antiquated,
To you his Generosity resigns 'em.

He riotously enjoys their Youth and Bloom,
Then leaves their Age, and Ugliness to you.
Himself he feasts, but lightly puts you off
With the vile Scraps and Leavings of his Lust.

Sol. I prithee, Friend, no more.

Cupr. Yes, Sir, I've done.

Now you may go, impeach us to the Sultan,
(For you, I find, are rank'd among his Creatures)
And take our Lives, for saucily endeav'ring
To make you happy; and we'll die, my Friend,
Without repining at our Destiny;
Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

[To Hal.

Sol. You do me wrong by such unjust Suspicions;
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever:
Nor shall my Aid be wanting to assist
Your Plots against the Visier, and advance you
To those high Honours which your Merits claim.
But for my Brother's Fate——no more o'that;
My Friends, let me intreat you to retire,
And leave me to my self.——

Hal. We go; in hopes that when we meet again,
Your Resolution will not be so strong
Against your Int'rest.——

[Ex. Hal. and Cupr.

Solyman solus.

No; I am not in haste to hold the Reins
Of so perverse, untractable a People:
'Tis true; were ours, like other Monarchies,
Founded on wholsom Laws, supported by them,
Aided by Senates; and did King and People
Think it their Int'rest to assist each other,
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth Ambition.
But what, alas! is Arbitrary Rule?

He's far the greater and the happier Monarch,
 Whose Pow'r is bounded by coercive Laws;
 Since while they limit, they preserve his Empire.
 Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd, has made
 Some slight Impression on me — *Mahomet*
 With jealous Eyes surveys me, thwarts my Loves;
 And keeps the Youth of his Seraglio from me.
 Which would indeed be insupportable,
 Did not my trusty Confident *Marama*
 By stealth convey to my desiring Arms
 Some of his choicest Beauties; by her Wit
 I cheat the Sultan, and enjoy those Pleasures
 Which vainly he imagines all his own,
 And quite debarr'd from all the World beside.

Enter Marama.

My dear *Marama* —

Mar. O Sir, you're obliging:
 But are my Charms so pow'rful and engaging,
 As to extort that passionate Expression?
 If so; if I deserve that am'rous Title,
 Why are you not content with my Embraces
 Which *Mahomet* allows you? No — I'm old;
 And my decaying Beauty is laid by,
 Scorn'd and despis'd: Those soft endearing Words
 Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake;
 But for their sakes, whom I by various Arts
 Persuade to make you happy; so that now
 I gain your Love by other Womens Charms,
 And only please by Proxy.

Sol. No, Thou'rt all amiable; such sprightly Wit,
 Such depth of Thought, so fertile an Invention
 Shall ever claim the Love of all our Sex,
 And Wonder of thy own.

Mar. Well, slighted as I am, I yet am true,
 And give such Proofs of my Fidelity
 As sure no Woman ever gave before;
 Nor ever will again, while I employ
 My Female Cunning; Plot, and rack my Brain,
 To bring my happy Rivals to your Arms.
 This very Hour have I been lab'ring for you;
 Height'ning your Character, and kindling Love

In the most Charming Maid I ever saw.
 With whom, though now she be but just arriv'd;
 I by the *Kisser's* positive Command,
 And my familiar manner of Address,
 Already have contracted some Acquaintance.
 The *Kisser* (for what Reason is a Secret)
 Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan;
 And she, as if not conscious of her Beauty,
 Is not ambitious to appear before him.
 These Circumstances favour my Design;
 Which you must now engage in: I've contriv'd
 A way to guide you into her Apartment;
 Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet,
 T'express a Passion which the sight of her
 Must needs inspire you with.

Sol. O my *Marama*,
 Lead me this Moment, lead me to that Place
 Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature;
 And then continue to assist my Love,
 And perfect what thou hast so well begun.
 Dethrone my Brother? No, there's no Temptation: [*Aside.*
 I never envy'd him the Toils of State;
 Now ev'n in Love I'm happier far than he.
 For tho' he riots 'midst a Thousand Beauties,
 He wants the Lover's greatest Happiness.
 He his fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
 They strait resign their unresisting Charms;
 But I my Plots and Stratagems prepare,
 And court at distance the refusing Fair;
 While I from Hope a silent Joy conceive,
 And ev'n my Fears a doubtful Pleasure give:
 Till she submits to Love's resistless Laws,
 And cures the Sickness which her self did cause. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Abra's Apartment.

Enter Abra and Zaida.

Abr. **T**HE Loss of Liberty to all Mankind
 Is most afflictive; but to my gay Sex,
 And sprightly Youth 'tis insupportable.
 And yet this close Confinement pains me less
 Than Separation from my much-lov'd Lord:
 Were I with him in narrower Bounds imprison'd,
 Imprisonment it self would please; but since
 His charming Conversation is deny'd me;
 I, like the melancholy Nightingale,
 Shut in a Cage, and widow'd from her Lover,
 Should languish, droop, and pine my self to Death;
 If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my Suff'rings
 Wert not admitted to me, to partake
 My Miseries, and mingle Sorrow with me.

Zaid. Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great Concern
 I view your Tears; I cannot see you thus:
 Let me intreat you, dry you beauteous Eyes;
 Dispel those Clouds, and wear a chearful Air,
 Or I must call *Marama* to divert you.

Abr. Why wou'dst thou vex me more with the remembrance
 Of that Eternal Talker? She divert me?
 No; tho' I smooth'd my Looks, while she was by,
 And smiling seem'd to listen to her Tattle,
 So to prevent Suspicion of my Love;
 Yet know with Pain and Torture I endur'd
 The Persecution of her merciless Tongue.
 For nothing is more tedious to a Wretch
 O'erwhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
 His Grief, and be deny'd to give it vent;
 And none are more impatient of Impertinence
 Than the Afflicted——How did she torment
 My suffring Ears with ill-tim'd, idle Mirth?
 With fulsom Praises of the Prince's Beauty,
 And with more nauseous Flattery of my own!

Why what's the Prince to me? Suppose his Shape
Be well proportion'd, and his Air so charming;
Yet why must I be teiz'd with such Descriptions?

Zaid. Madam, I wish that part of her Discourse
Were so impertinent as you imagine.

Abr. What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful Words?

Zaid. With reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing
That she appear'd so zealous in his Praise.
I fear she has some deep Design on foot,
Which may occasion more Uneasiness
To you.—But see, she has explain'd her Meaning.

Enter Solyman and Marama.

Abr. Confusion, and Surprize! Some Pow'r protect me!

[*Solyman comes forward, and throws himself at her Feet.*]

Mar. I see she's fir'd; from her upbraiding Looks
She darts Reproof, and chides me with her Eyes.

Sol. See, Madam, at your Feet a prostrate Prince
Who led by your fam'd Beauty hither comes
(Tho' with apparent Hazard of his Life)
To offer you his unpolluted Vows;
And melt you into Love, or die before you.

Zaid. Is this well done, *Marama*?—Treach'rous Woman!

Mar. Peace, Fool:—Thy Mistress knows not her own Int'rest,
If with affected Coyness she refuse him.

Sol. You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear
I am th' unhappy Cause of your Disquiet.
I have been rude, and impudently press'd
Upon your Privacy——But Oh! your Charms
Have taken ample Vengeance on my Folly
By causing more Confusion in my Soul,
Than my intruding Boldness can in yours.
What, not a Look? O turn your beauteous Eyes,
And with another Glance confirm me dead,
If yet I live;—for I have drank so deep
Of Love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd
My Reason, rais'd a Tempest in my Breast
Which wracks my Soul; but Oh! the mighty Pleasure
Rises in just Proportion to the Torment,
And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

Zaid. I see Resentment kindling in her Looks;
As her Surprize abates, her Anger rises,

And

And Indignation sparkles in her Eyes.

Abr. Yes; you have seen me in Confusion, Sir,
And think perhaps that one whom her Misfortunes
Have made a Slave, will readily comply
With your first Offer, and is fit for nothing
But to be made the Object of Affronts.
But, Prince, I must inform you——

Sol. O forbear;
Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through
With such unkind Expressions.——You a Slave?
'Tis my Ambition, Madam, to be yours.
But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd.——
Yet ev'n your Anger charms, and you appear
Awfully fair, and lovely in your Frowns.
Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such Beauty
In the delicious Groves of Paradise,
When on sweet Beds of Flow'rs——

Abr. If any thing
Can possibly be more offensive to me
Than Flatt'ry, 'tis Prophaneness.——

Sol. Such sharp Reproof! pronounc'd with such an Accent,
And with a Look so charmingly severe!
Relentless Fates! Ah! why am I condemn'd
T'offend the only Person in the World
Whom I desire to please? Is't possible
That any Wretch can be more curs'd than I?
When ev'ry Word you speak inflames my Love,
Yet adds to my Despair.

Abr. Fly, Sir; be gone,
While yet you are safe; your Brother will be here,
And certain Death you know's the Consequence.

Sol. And certain Death is welcom; let it come
In the most ghastly Shape it can put on;
Yet your Disdain will fill me with more Horror,
Than all it's grisly Terrors. Since my Love,
My spotless Love offends you——Take my Head;
Let me intreat you, Madam, sacrifice it
To my inexorable Brother's Rage:
Your Love's my first Desire, and Death my second.
This Favour sure you readily will grant;
Such Pity the displeas'd, the cruel *Abra*

Will not deny ev'n to her greatest Foe,
The curst, the scorn'd, the hated *Solyman*.

Abr. I am not, Sir, desirous of Revenge;
And therefore pardon you on these Conditions,
That you withdraw, suppress this hopeless Love,
And leave me to enjoy that Conversation
Which better suits my Sex and Circumstances.

Sol. Tho' dying Misers with far less Regret
Forfake their Lands, and Bags of hoarded Gold,
Yet, Madam, ev'n in this I will obey.

But when I'm parted from you, think, O think
The Image of your Charms is still before me,
And when I sleep, (if any Sleep can close
My weeping Eye-lids) then my busie Fancy
Presents to me in Dream your lov'd Idea.

And then reflect what Pangs I must endure,
What melancholy Days, and restless Nights;
When I consider your relentless Heart,
And my own lost Condition.—Think on this,
And then let Pity plead in my Behalf.

And you, kind Fair, (for in your Looks I read
Goodness, and soft Compassion) intercede
With your inexorable Mistress for me.

[To Zaida.

Be you my Advocate; exert your Int'rest
In a distress'd, a dying Lover's Cause.

And once more, Madam, e'er I go, I beg you
Remember in your Hands my Fate is lodg'd;
From you a Curse or Blessing I derive,

[To Abr.

Die when you frown, but with your Smiles revive. [*Ex. with Mar.*

Abr. My Smiles! vain Man! He seem'd to mock my Suff'rings;
For who e'er heard of smiling Misery?

Alas! my *Zaida*, what a World of Woe
Had Fate in Store, what mighty Funds of Sorrow
T'increase the pressing Weight of my Misfortunes!

For Oh! I fear the dismal Consequence
Of this fond Prince's Passion.—Haste, my *Zaida*,

Find out my Lord, and give him timely Notice
Of what has happen'd.—

[Exit Zaida.

How great is the Mistake of our vain Sex,
Who think the Number of their fond Admirers
Alone can make 'em happy!—She indeed

E

Who

Who unsubstu'd by Love his Pow'r defies,
 May with Delight her num'rous Conquests prize;
 And view with careless Air the Triumphs of her Eyes.
 But when those am'rous Pains our Breasts divide;
 We find, in spite of our fantastick Pride,
 We should more true and lasting Pleasure prove,
 Were we belov'd by none, but those we love.

[Scene shuts.]

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. The Prince in Love, you say——Had you inform'd me
 That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told
 A Secret worth the hearing.——But what Use
 Do you intend to make of this Discov'ry?

Cupr. Be patient then, and in few Words I'll tell you.

Not half an Hour ago I met the Prince;
 Who, tho' he seem'd impatient of Delay,
 And eager to be gone, abruptly told me
 He was engag'd in an Affair of Love;
 And just then going with his Spy *Marama*
 To the Apartment of a beauteous Virgin,
 Who came this Day to the Seraglio.

But that which makes directly for my Purpose,
 And which I ground my Project on, is this:

As yet the Sultan has not seen this Beauty;
 Nor is the *Kisler* forward to present her,
 Nor she to be presented. *Solyman*

On this builds all his Hopes——If he succeed,
 And without Molestation gain his Mistress,
 He never will be work'd into our Plot.

Wherefore our Care must be to inform the Sultan
 Of this new Beauty; *Mahomet* has a Heart
 As soft to Love's Impressions, as his Brother.

Then when the am'rous Prince perceives his Hopes
 Defeated, and his Mistress ravish'd from him
 By that all-pow'rful Rival, he will need
 No more Persuasions to dethrone his Brother;
 Since that's the only Method he can take
 To make him happy, in the full Enjoyment
 Of what he so impatiently desires.

Hal. Auspicious Plot! Sure Mischief never thrives
 Without the Help of Woman.——But which way
 Shall we discover this important Secret
 To *Mahomet*?

Cupr.

Cupr. For that depend on me.

I have a Female Creature in the Court;
Her I'll instruct to hint it to his Ear,
And fire his Jealousie.——Ha! here again?

Enter Pyrrhus, the Kisser Aga, and Zaida.

New Interruption from that hateful Pair?

Away, retire; we must not be observ'd. [*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*]

Pyr. Curs'd Accident!——Sure some malignant Planet
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful Influence.

A Rival!——This of all my mighty Woes
Comes least expected; with vain flatt'ring Hopes
I comforted my self, that her Confinement,
However grievous to me, would at least
Secure me from the Danger of a Rival.

But now I am deny'd the wretched Privilege,
Which ev'n from my Misfortunes I enjoy'd.
But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd
The Letter which I sent her? 'Twill perhaps
Be some Refreshment to her troubled Soul
To read those Lines, and bath them with her Tears.

Zaid. Before I left her, no such Letter came
To her Apartment.——

Kiss. I deliver'd it
To one of my attending, trusty Slaves;
With strict Command to give it none, but her.

Pyr. But see, th'injurious Robber of my Rest

Enter Solyman musing.

Appears——

Kiss. The Prince? Pray, good my Lord, retire;
He must not see us Two in Consultation.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sol. Do I yet live? Or has Love's wond'rous force
Transform'd me to a Ghost? My frightened Friends
Will fly me soon, and shun my lonely Walks.
O were that all, I might be happy still!——
But she whom most I labour to pursue,
She, she will fly me, hate me, scorn me, loath me;
She will?——She has, she does; and 'tis not likely
That she, who now rejects me with Disdain,
Should fall in Love with my Deformity,
My meagre Looks, and more than dying Paleness.

Tho' 'tis but just she should with Pity view me,
 Since my Deformity will be reflected
 From her all-conqu'ring Beauty; 'tis but just
 She should at last be kind, and with her Love
 Repair the Ruins which her Scorn has made.

Enter Marama.

Mar. Alone, my Lord? You Lovers are so thoughtful——

Sol. O my *Marama*! do not mock my Miseries;
 I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me;
 I have no middle Fate, but now must be
 Most wretched, or most happy.

Mar. Happy, Sir;
 For if my Cunning, which ne'er fail'd you yet,
 Be not quite jaded, that disdainful Fair
 Shall yet be yours.

Sol. I doubt it, dear *Marama*——
 Such keen Reflections, such resentful Looks,
 Such fix'd Resolves shew more of Hate than Coyness.
 Can'st thou not guess the Cause of her Severity?

Mar. I can.

Sol. O speak!

Mar. This Paper will speak for me. *[Giving a Letter.*

Sol. What's here? Distraction!—*To his faithful Abra*——
Ha! Absence——Vows——Fidelity——For Souls
Know no Confinement——O the racking Torture!——
Wond'rous familiar! But no Name subscrib'd——
 - How came you by this Paper?

Mar. I met a Slave posting tow'rs her Apartment;
 Whom I, suspecting, stop'd; and telling him
 I was her Friend, and intimate Acquaintance,
 And just then going to her, with smooth Words
 Persuaded him t' intrust me with his Letter;
 With Promise to deliver it that Minute.
 At first he scrupl'd;——But at length rememb'ring
 That he had seen me with her, slip'd the Paper
 Into my Hand, and in a Moment vanish'd.

Sol. Know you not whence it came?

Mar. The Slave was gone
 E'er I could ask the Question.

Sol. Curse on his Haste.
 May all——

But

But I'll not waste my Curses on a Slave;
 No——They shall all be carefully reserv'd
 For this detested Rival——Whoe'er he be,
 For ever blasted be the Hand that wrote,
 The Heart that dictated these fond Expressions.
 May Fortune seem to smile upon their Wishes;
 But when they're just upon the Brink of Happiness,
 Secure of Disappointment, may she then
 Sever their Loves, and tear them from each other,
 As thus—— [About to tear the Letter.

Mar. Hold, Sir,—What would your Fury do?
 This Paper must be carefully preserv'd;
 Some of your Friends may by the Character
 Discover him who sent it.

Sol. I thank thy Caution; Rage and Jealousie
 Had almost turn'd my Brain——O to compleat
 The direful Curses which I would denounce
 Against that Foe who robs me of my Quiet;
 May he be satisfy'd he has a Rival,
 And never know the Person; so that he
 May feel the Pangs and Throes which I endure;
 And be as exquisite a Wretch, as he
 Who makes him so.——

Enter Cuproli.

Cupr. My Lord, I came to find you.

Sol. Why then thou cam'st to find as very a Madman
 As ever rav'd in Chains——Know you this Hand?

Cupr. Perfectly as my own; it is the Visier's,
 Too well I know that hated Character,
 Which sign'd me my Commission; which, if Merit
 Had been respected, that aspiring Fav'rite
 Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.

Sol. The Visier? ha! the Visier? O my Cuproli,
 Thy Hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
 Is mild as Children's Love, or Women's Friendship.
 In Glory he's thy Rival, mine in Love;
 Thee he debars from Greatness, me from Happiness;
 Which nothing but his Blood can e'er attone for.

Cupr. Now you're indeed a Prince: 'Tis Royal Anger,
 But Threats do nothing.——

Sol. Nor shall my Vengeance terminate in Threats;

You

You know I am not us'd to menace thus,
And therefore may believe I am in earnest.

Mar. My Company at present may be spar'd;
I will withdraw, and seek some other Place,
Where I may do more Service.——

[Exit.]

Cupr. I do believe you; in your Looks appears
Noble Resentment, and you now resolve
(I read it in your Eyes) to mount the Throne,
And bless your longing People with your Reign.

Sol. O torture not my Brain with curs'd Ambition;
To which I always was averse; but now
Much more than ever, since my lab'ring Soul
Is wholly taken up with Thoughts of Love.

Cupr. Why 'tis your Love that I design to further;
The Visier stands betwixt your Hopes and you:
Nor can you ever hurt a Hair of his,
While *Mahomet* is able to protect him.

Sol. So you have often said.

Cupr. And 'tis too true;
Wherefore you either must contentedly
Forego your Mistress, or Dethrone your Brother.

Sol. Why should he suffer for the Visier's Fault?
My Brother's not my Rival——

Cupr. Say you so?
He is e'er this, unless my trusty Agent
Has plaid me false.——

[Aside.]

Sol. Retire, my worthy Friend;
Give me a Moment's Thought, and I will follow,
And then impart my final Resolution.

Cupr. Farewel, my Lord.—— I see I have him sure;
For if my Arguments prove ineffectual,
My Project cannot fail; it matters not
Tho' I want Rhet'rick, since my Stratagem
Will amply make amends for that Defect.

[Exit.]

Sol. Forego my Love? No—sooner shall the Frame
Of Nature be dissolv'd—— And yet my Soul
Shrinks at the Horror of my Brother's Fate;
And 'tis my first Endeavour to compleat
My Happiness without disturbing his.
But if it be decreed that either he
Must quit his Throne, or I that charming Maid;

My

My Choice is made; it will be less unnat'ral
To break the Tie of Kindred than of Love.

Enter the Kisser Aga.

But see, here comes the Messenger of Death.
I fear I am betray'd.

Kiss. My Lord, your Ear;
Can you not guess my Bus'ness?

Sol. Guessing, Sir,
Is not my Talent; pray explain your self,
And I may apprehend.

Kiss. I hear of late
You are grown the Sultan's Rival in his Pleasures.

Sol. Spare your Preambles, and without more Preface
Speak your Thoughts boldly, say in short you came
To give me notice of approaching Death.

Kiss. Your Fears are groundless: True, I know your Fault,
And must, my Lord, upbraid you for your Rashness;
But not one Drop of your illustrious Blood
Shall through my Information e'er be spilt.

Sol. Ha!

Kiss. Nay more; I came to proffer you my Service;
And am so far from enterprising ought
Against your Life, that I will stake my own
To make you happy.

Sol. You have so o'erpower'd me
With unexpected Kindness, that my Tongue
Is mute, and Speech too scanty to express
My inward Gratitude.——I cannot thank you.

Kiss. Nor ought you pay your Thanks 'till I deserve 'em,
Which I e'er long will do; for if my Int'rest
In the Seraglio be worth desiring,
You may command it: She for whom you sigh,
She shall be yours; and sure that lovely Maid
As much excels the Sultan's other Beauties
As you the Sultan.

Sol. I can hold no longer;
My struggling Gratitude must have some vent;
And since in Words it cannot, thus it speaks,
And thus, and thus.——

Kiss. Reserve your Raptures for your Mistress's Ear,
Whose Beauty for your sake I will conceal

[*Hugs him.*]

From

From *Mahomet* ; mean while we may have leisure
 For Consultation, and contrive the Means
 To bring her to your Arms——Your noble Carriage,
 And more than Princely Qualities command
 The Service and Respect of all that know you.
 Therefore if any Obstacle there be
 Which may be prejudicial to your Love,
 Tell it me, Sir, that I with timely Care
 May labour to remove it.

Sol. There is a dreadful one,
 The Visier is my Rival.

Kisl. This goes well. [Aside.
 The Visier? Sure you have been misinform'd.

Sol. This Letter will convince you, which by Art
 I intercepted.——

Kisl. Give it me, my Lord ; [Sol. gives the Letter.
 That I with this may prove his bold Presumption,
 And to his Face confront him.——Doubt not, Sir,
 But I with Threats shall force him to desist.

Enter Pyrrhus behind.

Sol. Now, *Mahomet*, thou art again secure ;
 I shall not need thy Pow'r. [Aside.

Pyr. What do I see?
 My Friend in Consultation with my Rival?

Sol. Words cannot utter
 How much your Generosity affects me ;
 You have this Minute liv'd an Age of Friendship ;
 And I will study to deserve your Kindness.
 Farewel——and be, if possible, as happy
 As you would make the grateful *Solyman*. [Exit.

Kisl. That's very possible.——Ha! here, my Lord?
 You come in time——

Pyr. To witness to your Falshood.
 Could I have thought I ever should have cause
 T'upbraid your Breach of Faith?

Kisl. Nor have you now.

Pyr. Why do you shift the Accusation from you?
 Are you not false?

Kisl. I am, but not to you.
 No, Sir——I could not give a better Proof
 Of my unviolated Fidelity,

Than by this seeming Falshood—to you seeming,
But real to the Prince. For by the help
Of this pretended Kindness I've recover'd
Your Letter, and disarm'd him of the Pow'r
To do you Mischief.——

[Gives him the Letter.]

Pyr. I apprehend, and must with Shame applaud
Thy Wit, and bless thy unexampled Friendship.

Kiss. But what's yet more, I have by this remov'd
All that could make your Rival formidable.

Now I have laid his Jealousie asleep,
Which otherwise might have prov'd fatal to us.

And now persuaded of my Zeal to serve him,
What e'er I do for you, he will applaud

As done for him, and I shall have his Thanks
For carrying on your Int'rest; nay yet more,

He will be wholly guided by my Counsel,

And move as I direct him: Nay perhaps

His and *Marama's* Cunning may be useful

To further our Design, and you promote

Your Int'rest by th' Assistance of your Rival.

Pyr. That ever I should once suspect such Truth,
Such wond'rous Friendship! But thy Plot was wrought
Too fine for my dull Sight:——Canst thou forgive me?

Kiss. My Lord, I cannot blame you;
If, when you heard and saw what pass'd between us,
Your good Opinion of my Truth was stagger'd,
E'er you knew all.——But come, no more of this.
Droop not, brave Sir, Fortune is yet your own,
And all these Difficulties will e'er long
Shed kinder Influence, inhance your Joys,
And prove Ingredients of your Happiness.

Pyr. O! Blessings on thee, whose reviving Words
Have rais'd me from the Depth of black Despair;
And once more giv'n me the delightful Prospect
Of my approaching Bliss.——And now methinks
The Clouds of our Misfortunes break away;
And spight of all the Dangers which have threaten'd,
My Genius whispers I shall yet be happy.
And still the more I think, my Hopes rise higher;
The lovely Creature's mine, I have her here;
For ever mine.——O Blessing inexpressible!

The bare Reverſion of which is better
Than the Poſſeſſion of all other Pleaſures.——

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Where is that ſaucy Slave, that dares controul
My Pleaſures, and infringe my beſt Prerogative?
Ha! Villain, have I found thee? Tell me quickly
How didſt thou dare to keep the charming *Abra*,
That Miracle of Beauty, from my Sight?

Kiſſ. Discover'd? This unlook'd for Accident
Has ſo amaz'd me, that I'm Thunder-ſtruck
And know not what to answer.——

[*Aside.*

Mah. What, ſpeechleſs?

Kiſſ. I confeſs, your Maſteſty
Has much ſurpriz'd me by ſo ſtrange a Queſtion.
She whom you ſpeak of is this Day arriv'd;
And therefore not yet fit t' appear before you,
And ſhew her Beauty at the beſt Advantage.
Nor did I ever yet receive Commands
To bring your charming Slaves to your Embraces
Juſt at their firſt Arrival.

Mah. But I hear
This is a Beauty of ſuch uncommon Excellence,
That none who ever ſhone within my Court
Could match her dazzling Brightneſs; and if ſo
Thou ſhouldeſt have brought me the tranſporting News
Of her Arrival with as great Impatience
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the World
Were all unanimouſly come, to lay
Their Scepters at my Footſtool, and reſign
The yet unconquer'd Globe.——

Pyr. O give me Patience.

[*Aside.*

Kiſſ. Moſt mighty Emperor——

Mah. Peace, formal Slave;
I have not time to hear thy dull Excuses;
Be dumb, and liſten to my ſtrict Command.
I charge thee bring that lovely, charming Maid
Into the pleaſant Grotto near the Palace;
Let her attend me there.——Look thou obey me,
Or by my Hopes and boiling Expectation
Thy Life ſhall answer it.

Pyr. Dread Sir, I hear

The

The Fury of the murm'ring Populace
Is ris'n so high, that they begin to threaten
Your Sacred Life, and the Seditious Soldiers
Talk of revolting.

Mab. Most audacious Traitors! —

Be it your Care to quell their Mutiny;
They shall not rob me of a Moment's Pleasure.
No——first I'll go where Love and Beauty call me;
Then put on Majesty, and be all Monarch;
Awe the presumptuous Rebels with my Frowns,
And look them into Duty——As they say
That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,
Fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne above;
And for a while enjoy'd the Sweets of Love.
Then Tow'ring high to his sublime Abode,
Shook Earth and Seas with his Imperial Nod;
Abroad his unresisted Lightning hurl'd,
And with Vindictive Thunder scar'd the trembling World. [*Ex.*

Pyr. Sure 'twas a Dream, and my deluding Fancy
Has scar'd me with a Vision——Say, my Friend,
Am I awake? and was the Sultan here?

Kiss. Alas! he was.——

Pyr. Then all, it seems, was real,
And I'm the very Wretch that Fate design'd.
No——'Tis impossible——It cannot be——
Why but a Moment since I was most happy,
And sailing in the Port——O! no—I was not——
Then, then I dream'd, and fed on Aiery Hopes,
Which my own flatt'ring Wishes form'd——But now
Fortune has rous'd me from that pleasing Sleep,
To make me feel, and thoroughly understand
Substantial Mis'ry——But I'll not complain;
Women and Cowards rail at their Misfortunes——
I will curb in my Grief, and in my Breast
Confine the struggling Passion, 'till my Veins
Are burst, and from my Eyes the gushing Blood
Start out instead of Tears.

Kiss. Capricious Chance!

How swift a Turn was this!——Just as your Hopes
Were elevated to the highest pitch,
And bore you to the Clouds; they strait retreated,

And left you to Despair.

Pyr. Ay, there's the Torment.

So I have heard with equal suddenness

Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew,

And quite defenceless left the scaly Race.

The Dolphins which e'er while with wanton Pride

Spread their broad Fins, and lash'd the foaming Tide;

Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless Flood

With heaving Gills, and tumbld in the Mud.

And Whales which with their Trunks the Stars could reach,

Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy Beach.

So have my Hopes, whose Waves e'er while ran o'er,

And to the Skies my tow'ring Wishes bore;

Retir'd, and left me gasping on the Shore.

} [Exeunt.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A pleasant Grotto.*

Enter Solyman.

Sol. **W**Hither will Love and furious Jealousie
 Hurry my Resolution? Certain Death
 I know attends me, should the trembling Leaves,
 Or the least murmur of my Breath betray me;
 Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen
 Observe, and listen to the Sultan's Courtship;
 And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.
 Vain Hopes! — His Pow'r will force what she denies.
 And yet, my Friend, the *Kisler's* Project cheers me,
 Who promises to bring her to the Sultan
 With Six more Virgins, who for Youth and Beauty
 May challenge all but her; them he adorns
 With all th' Embellishments that Art can give,
 That *Mahomet* by such Variety
 Of Objects may be puzzl'd in his Choice;
 And all to help my Love — Hark! They approach. [Retires.

Enter

Enter the Kisser Aga with Abra.

Kiss. Compose your self, dear Madam, dry your Eyes,
And smoothe your Looks; your Grief must be conceal'd.
Should you appear in Tears before the Sultan,
You would inspire him with a jealous Rage,
Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

Abr. I'll do my best Endeavour, tho' I fear
My Sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

Enter Eunuchs with Six Women of the Seraglio: The Kisser places them with Abra. Then enter Mahomet, and seats himself.

A Symphony of soft Musick, after which this Song.

Happy Monarch, who with Beauty
Tiresom Cares of State beguiles;
Whose Fair Subjects pay their Duty
In consenting Looks and Smiles.
Who from the noisie Battle comes,
From the shrill Trumpets Clangor, and the thund'ring Drums;
With Loves soft Accents to compose
His Passion, ruffled by his Foes.
And happy she, whose Eyes can dart,
A killing Shaft to reach his Heart:
For sure more Glory can no Female have,
Than she whose Charms this Conqu'ror can enslave;
Who the World's Lord her sighing Captive views,
And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.

[After the Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out Abra:
Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women: The Kisser retires to a Corner of the Stage.

Mah. How comes it, Fair One, that your down-cast Looks
Speak you uneasie and dissatisfy'd
With that high Honour, which your Beauty claims,
And which my Love confers? Believe me, Maid,
Not one of those, whom for your sake I flighted,
Would with Indiff'rence have receiv'd my Passion.
Excess of Joy would make their Charms more florid,
And Pride would redden in their flushing Faces,

Glow

Glow in their Cheeks, and sparkle in their Eyes.
But Discontent sits low'ring on your Brow,
And by the Coldness of your Air you seem
To disapprove my Choice.

Abr. Your Pardon, Sir,
If conscious of my own Unworthiness,
And dead to all Ambition, I appear
The less transported with your Royal Favours.
My want of Merit mortifies my Pride;
Nor can I with full Satisfaction wear
Those Honours which I never can deserve.

Mah. Or rather conscious of your matchless Worth;
You rate your Beauty at so high a Value,
That nothing Human, in your tow'ring Thoughts,
Is worthy to possess it.

Abr. Sacred Sir——

Mah. Or else in Pity to your Captive Monarch
You strive to cloud your Brightness, and restrain
The lightning of your Eyes, lest on the spot
Its Force should flash me dead——But 'tis in vain——
You cannot check the killing Darts of Love;
Spight of your self you please, and in one Moment
The Glory of your Conquest is compleated.

Abr. Confound me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart, to fill
My Cheeks with Blushes.

Mah. Why it matters not;
Whether you Blush, or Weep, or Smile, or Frown,
You always Charm; nor can you Coin your Face
To an unpleasing Shape——Therefore no more
Of little Doubts and Fears; my Love's impatient,
And cannot brook Delay: This very Hour
You shall be happy in your Sov'raign's Arms.

Abr. O never, Sir.

Mah. Ha! never? Who am I?

Abr. What have I said? Forgive me, Royal Sir;
My Tongue bely'd my Thoughts——But I recall
Those Words; I am your Slave, and must obey.

Mah. My Slave? and must obey? No, think not, Fair One,
That I resolve to Ravish, like a Tyrant,
What your coy Virgin Modesty denies.

I will forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty; then court you like a Slave;
Sigh at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.

Abr. Forbid it Fate, that Sov'reign Majesty
Should so far be degraded, as to stoop
Beneath the lowest and most abject Wretch
That ever bore Misfortune.

Mab. Ha! no more,
No more o'that, my Love; why I am Fortune,
And whosoe'er I smile on must be happy.
Therefore enlarge thy Wishes, and demand
Whatever Happiness thy Thoughts can form;
And by our Prophet's Soul I swear to grant it.

Abr. Then thus, Sir, prostrate at your Royal Feet [*Kneels.*
I humbly crave no other Boon than this;
Restore me to my self, and (so may all
Your Joys be crown'd) dismiss me from your Court.

Mab. Not for the Empire of Ten Thousand Worlds.——
My Oath, however solemn, binds me not
T'Impossibilities.——What? Live without thee?
As well thou may'st desire me to forego
My Soul, my self, and live without my Life.
But tell me, stubborn Fair, what have you seen
For which you thus decline your Happiness,
And keep me at this Distance? Speak, what is it
That makes you thus averse to Love and Glory?

Abr. O question me no more——I dare not speak.

Mab. What do you fear? My Presence cannot awe you;
To you I am no Monarch.

Abr. I'm a Virgin.

Mab. Well.

Abr. And prize my Honour dearer than my Life.

Mab. Make you no Diff'rence then between the Actions
Of Kings and common Men? By my Embraces
Your Virtue is not fully'd, but ennobled
Above its native Worth; as my Effigies
Stamp'd on my Coin adds Value to the Metal.

Abr. O do not, Sir, delude me with false arguing;
The greatest Monarch's Actions cannot make
Virtue of Vice; as by your Royal Image
Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor Brass to Silver.

Therefore

Therefore I beg you, Sir——

[Kneels.]

Mah. Rise, Empress, rise——

For from this Moment be that Title thine;
Such Beauty join'd with such transcendent Virtue
Deserves no less.——Here, take her to thy Care. [To the Kisser.
Droop not, fair Excellence; your Chastity
Shall not be violated.——Holy Rites
Shall make us one, and justifie our Pleasures.
Let some of the attending Eunuchs wait [To the Kisser.
On her to her Apartment, but return
Thy self, and instantly attend me here. [Exit Kiss. with Abr.
Prodigious Change! That a licentious Monarch
Who many Years with boundless Luxury
Has rioted on Beauty, should at last
Become as very a sighing, whining Lover,
As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

Re-enter the Kisser-Aga.

Prepare my Royal Presents, and attend
The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;
And let her have for her peculiar Residence
One of the Sultaness's rich Apartments.

Kiss. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

Mah. To morrow

I'll visit her, and reinforce my Suit.
'Till now I knew not what it was to love;
My loose Desires deserv'd a fouler Name.
But this fair Charmer has refin'd my Passions,
And with her Virtue taught me to admire
The Beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her
I will endure the tedious Toil of Courtship.
Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;
And I'll forgive the Fates the Loss of *Buda*.
And sure I shall succeed: She's more than mortal,
If she resist me; when the Charms of Empire
Shall join their Forces, her great Soul to move,
With all the soft Artillery of Love.

[Exit.]

Kiss. So! now 'tis finish'd——Cruel Destiny,
Thou hast done thy worst, and I despise thee now.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. O Friend——

Kiss. My Lord?

Pyr. Why dost thou speak so coldly?
Canst thou not call me Friend?

Kiss.

Kiss. I cannot.

Pyr. Why?

Kiss. Because it is not just you should be mine
Unless I could be yours.

Pyr. Why art thou not?

Kiss. I would be.

Pyr. Then thou art.

Kiss. But cruel Fortune——

Pyr. Why Friendship is above the reach of Fortune,
Not to be rated from the blind Events
Of giddy Chance.——But thou hast spoken this
Only to wave the Horror of my Fate,
And mollifie my Sentence——But no more;
Pronounce my Doom, for I can bear it now.——
And yet thou needst not; thy despairing Looks
Have told me all the Tragick Tale already.

Kiss. My Lord, I would advise you to be calm,
Summon the force of Reason to your Aid;
And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.

Pyr. Alas! Thou know'st not what thou wouldst advise,
My Love is grown essential to my Soul,
And can no more be shaken off than that.
'Tis no wild, sudden Start of youthful Blood;
But utterly disclaims the Name of *Passion*:
And is the great and regular Desire
Of Happiness implanted in us all;
That Spring which turns the universal Wheel
Of Human Actions——Therefore talk no more
Of that——But, as thou sayst, I will be calm;
And not disparage with undecent Sorrow
My great Misfortunes——But proceed, my Friend,
And tell the Circumstances of my Fate.

Kiss. I have not leisure now, I must be gone
With speed to execute the Sultan's Orders;
But as we go I will inform you all.

Pyr. Yet e'er thou stir, I will prevail with thee
To grant me one Request.

Kiss. What's that, my Lord?

Pyr. To let me see her, e'er I leave the World.

Kiss. Ah! Sir, why would you urge your Fate, and mine?

Pyr. Not for the World, no not for the Enjoyment

Of her I love, would I the least endanger
The Safety of my Friend.—

Of thee I only beg to be directed
To her Apartment; I alone will dare
The Anger of the Sultan.

Kisl. I have thought on't,
And you shall go.

Pyr. Now Blessings on thy Head.

Kisl. But you must condescend to be disguis'd,
Put on a *Negro's* gloomy Face, and take
An Eunuch's Dress.

Pyr. O any thing, my Friend——
I've heard the Pow'rs themselves of old for Love
Far less than mine have left their Starry Thrones,
And hid their dazzling Forms in Brutal Shapes;
Less charming were the Beauties which they fought,
And more their Condescension.

Kisl. Mahomet
Will not renew his Visit 'till to morrow;
Wherefore to Day you may with little Hazard
In that Disguise be brought to her Apartment.

Pyr. For me there is no Danger of Discov'ry;
Since nought remains but Death and sure Despair.

Kisl. No; I have yet some faint Remains of Hope;
Perhaps I may inflame with Jealousie
The Sultaness's proud, imperious Spirit
To such a Height, that her unbounded Rage
Ev'n now may furnish her with Means to part them. [*Exeunt.*

Solyman from his Covert.

'Tis well——My Love is in a hopeful way——
The Sultan burns, and languishes like me;
And tho' he wants her Love, he has her Person,
And may compleat his Wishes when he pleases.
The Visier, tho' he wants her Person, yet
Enjoys her Love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,
Curst with ill Stars, born in a luckless Minute,
Has nothing of the Lover but the Torment.
And yet, to make me more contemptible,
I am become the Sport of a curst Slave;
Abus'd and cheated by that hellish Eunuch.
Confusion! I want Patience to endure

A Thought of this—Must I be made their Engine?
 Their under Tool, to truckle to my Rival?
 O! I shall burst with Fury, if my Friends,
 Whom I appointed to attend me here,
 Come not to my Relief—I must go seek them
 To vent my Rage, and ease my burden'd Soul.

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

O you are come in time to my Assistance,
 To help me——

Cupr. What?

Sol. Curse.

Hal. Curse whom?

Sol. The Sultan, Visier, *Kisler*, all the World.

Cupr. The Provocation?

Sol. I want Breath to tell you;
 Unless you'll help me to discharge my Fury,
 By thund'ring Death and Vengeance on their Heads.

Hal. Then you have lost your Mistress.

Sol. Past Recov'ry.

Cupr. What, is she dead?——

Sol. She is to me.

Cupr. The Sultan has enjoy'd her.

Sol. No; but he is resolv'd.

Cupr. And you stand here,
 And bravely bid us curse him——Is't not so?

Sol. Ha!

Cupr. My Lord, I wear a Sword to do you Service;
 But for that Womanish piece of Valour, Railing——
 Your Pardon, Sir——'Tis not a Soldier's Talent.

Hal. Is it a Time to curse in this nice Juncture,
 When niggard Fate allows you not a Day
 To manage an Affair of such Importance?
 You must, before to Morrow's Dawn, depose
 Your Brother, or for ever lose your Mistress.

Sol. What I have heard and seen has wrought more with me
 Than all that you can urge——Yes, I've resolv'd
 T'ascend the Throne; and you can witness for me,
 That I've been tender of my Brother's Fate;
 And drove it to the last Extremity,
 Before I would consent to act this Violence.
 But now his Doom is fix'd; propose the Means.

Cupr. The Visier's Ruin smoothes the way to his.
You must begin with him.

Hal. At your Desire
The threat'ning Army will surround the Palace,
And with one gen'ral Voice demand his Head.

Sol. No—I've more artfully contriv'd his Death—
He is the Army's Idol; and besides
Such violent Proceedings may be dang'rous;
But I will order Matters with such Conduct,
That *Mahomet* shall of his own accord
Pronounce his Fav'rites Doom, and by his Ruin
Be instrumental to his own Destruction.

Cupr. That were indeed a Masterly Contrivance.

Sol. The Visier, aided by that other Fiend,
The *Kisler Aga*, has with him agreed
To visit his lov'd *Abra* in Disguise:
And apprehends no Danger of Discov'ry,
Because the Sultan, 'till to morrow Morning,
Resolves t' absent himself from her Apartment.
Now I will plant my Spies t' observe their Motions,
And give me notice when they are secure:
And then you know there are a thousand ways
To give the Sultan secret Intimation
Of this Design: He, fir'd with jealous Rage,
Will fly to her Apartment, and surprize them
Perhaps in their Embraces—Then what follows
Your selves may guess.

Cupr. This cannot fail; let's instantly about it.

Sol. Yes, I'll dispatch—And e'er the Sun has finish'd
One Revolution more, he shall behold
A greater in this Empire—Beauteous *Abra*!
Sure never were there Charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends.
Let dull Astrologers foretel the Doom
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, and with their Schemes
And Calculations cheat the giddy Crowd:
More ruling is the Aspect of thy Beauty,
Than that of those bright Orbs—To States and Empires
More fatal Influence flashes from thy Eyes,
Than all those glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE Changes to a magnificent Apartment.

Abra and Zaida. Imperial Robes lying on the Table.

Abr. Sure, my dear *Zaida*, such ill Planets rul'd
My Birth, that 'tis above the Pow'r of Fortune
To make me happy.——
Why was I singled out from all my Sex
To be this gaudy Wretch? to be advanc'd
To this great Empire? when so many Millions
Would be transported with those envy'd Honours
Which she has heedlessly misplac'd on me.
For all this Grandeur serves but to refine
My Woes, and dignifie my great Misfortunes:
These sparkling Gems, and Chains of Orient Pearl,
This glitt'ring Gold, and these gay costly Robes
Serve only to enrich and gild my Mis'ries;
And make me wretched with more Pomp and Splendor.

Zaid. Be comforted, dear Madam: Time perhaps
Will reconcile you to Imperial Greatness,
And make these heavy Robes of State sit easie.

Enter the Kissler Aga, and Pyrrhus in Disguise.

But see the *Kissler* comes, your kind Assister;
Perhaps he brings you Comfort from your Lord——
Ah! no——He comes attended with a Slave;
I fear some fatal Message from the Sultan.

[The Kissler comes forward.]

Abr. Ah! Sir, what Tidings now? Tell me, what Hope?
How is my Lord?

Pyr. Embracing her.] Beyond Expression bless'd,
While thus he clasps the most elab'rate Pattern
Of Human Excellence——Thou all Perfection——
My Life——My Soul——

Abr. O!——

[Swoons.]

Zaid. She faints.——

Pyr. Stand off; my Love will prove the best Physician:
The warmth of glowing Kisses shall infuse
Fresh Spirits, and renew the sprightly Motion
Of her unactive Pulses——Speak, my Love,

'Tis

'Tis I, thy *Pyrrhus*——Sure my Voice will raise thee:
Wake from thy Trance, lift up thy heavy Lids,
And bless me with the Lustre of thy Eyes.

Abr. 'Tis he himself, my Dear, my only Lord——
And now the Conflict of tumultuous Passions,
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, and bore me from my self,
Is sunk into a Calm——Doubt, Hope, and Fear
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my Breast
To fierce transporting Joy——Too well I know
The Lines of that ador'd Majestick Face
To be deceiv'd; nor can the Pow'r of Art
Disguise thee from my Love.——

Pyr. Thou kindest, faithfullest of all thy Sex;
I almost fear'd that this vile servile Dress,
And th' artificial *Negro* in thy Face,
Would hide me ev'n from thee; and make thee loath me,
Fly my Embraces, and disown my Arms.
And 'tis indeed prepost'rous, while I join
This grim Complexion with that charming Face;
Throw my black Arms about thy snowy Neck,
And sully thus its Whiteness——O my Love,
Suits this base Habit with those Royal Robes;
Or a great Empress with an abject Slave?

Abr. Yet are our Souls well pair'd, and fit each other;
No matter for the Outside; and believe me
Thou charm'st me more, my Love, in this Disguise,
Than once thou did'st when deck'd in shining Armour,
And all the dreadful Gaiety of War,
Thou cam'st to pour thy Thunder on my Foes;
And Rescue me from those curs'd Ravishers.
Tho' then, when I beheld thy wond'rous Port,
Gen'rous Compassion mix'd with awful Majesty;
I in a Moment gaz'd my Soul away,
And languish'd, sigh'd, and dy'd upon the Object.

Pyr. What was my Transport then? when first I saw thee
Trembling, and in Confusion, pale and redd'ning
By turns, when all thy Charms were in a hurry;
And the retreating and returning Blood
Surpriz'd me with Vicissitude of Beauty.
How did my Heart——But 'tis unutterable;
No Words of Rapture can express my Passion,

Nor how I since have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleasant
To think and ruminate on past Delights.

I may look backward then, forward I dare not;—
For 'tis a gloomy Prospect; and my Soul

Starts at the Horror——

Abr. O—h.

Pyr. Why do you sigh?

Abr. Can you ask?

Pyr. 'Tis true indeed our Woes have made that Question
Impertinent——well——you may weep your Fill——

I'll not deny you your sad share of Grief;

It is your due, and 'twould be great Injustice

To bar you of your Right.——But speak, my Love.

Didst thou not say I rescu'd thee?

Abr. You did.

Pyr. I rescu'd thee indeed——But oh!——for whom?

I have but won thee from less pow'rful Foes

To yield thee to a greater; and from him

How shall I rescue thee?——

Abr. Some kind Pow'r instruct you.

Pyr. No, they have still been deaf to all my Pray'rs;

Cross'd my Designs, and frown'd upon my Love.

I am as weak and helpless as thy self;

And all that I can do is now to join

My Tears with thine, to sob upon thy Breast;

And vent my Sorrows in unmanly Wailing.

Abr. Since then 'tis doom'd that we must part for ever——

Pyr. Ha! Part for ever! Let me think on that!——

Eternal Separation!——Racking Thought!

'Tis not to be endur'd——Can I bear this?

To lose thee now, when I've so long pursu'd thee

Through the dark Mazes of uncertain Chance?

When by long Custom, and an Age of Love

Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my Heart?

Or can I think with Patience that another

Rifles thy Charms, and dies——No, I'll not bear it,

But flie this very Moment to thy Rescue;

Tear off this slavish, this disgraceful Habit,

And put on Armour, lead my conqu'ring Troops

Against my Master; and by force of Arms

Compel th' injurious Tyrant to resign thee.

Kisl.

Kiss. My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled Passion
Transports you into Frenzy; else you would not
Talk with such Heat of Things impossible.

Pyr. Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldst thou stop my Madness
With ill-tim'd Reason? While my Rage was hot
I was insensible of my Misfortunes;
But now I'm cool my festring Sorrows smart,
And I'm relaps'd into a Coward——Oh
Bear me, my Love, support me on thy Bosom;
Or I shall sink beneath my pond'rous Woes,
And at thy Feet expire.——

Abr. Alas! my Lord, if your great martial Spirit
Be quite unmann'd, and melted into Softness;
How shall a poor weak Woman's tender Soul
Bear up beneath the pressing weight of Sorrow?
Your Torments all are trebled in my Breast;
And I have far more need of you to prop
My sinking Body——Oh!——My boding Heart
Tells me, my Lord, these are our last Embraces,
And we shall neyer, never meet again.

Pyr. Then——to prevent it——We will never part——
This is my fix'd and final Resolution.

Abr. What means my Love?

Pyr. Mean?——Canst thou ask the Question?——
Thou wouldst not have me leave thee.——

Abr. Not leave me?

Pyr. No.

Abr. You shall, you must.

Pyr. Is't possible?

Do I hear this from thee?

Abr. Alas!——He raves——

Call home your Thoughts, my Lord; think where you are:
You die, if you're discover'd.

Pyr. Death is certain,

Whether I stay or no——For canst thou think
I will survive that Hour (Oh! Hold my Brain!——)
Which yields thy Beauties to the Sultan's Bed?
Oh! never——Death then either way is certain——
But by the desp'rate Choice which now I make,
The few remaining Minutes of my Life
Shall all be spent in gazing on thy Charms,

In Kisses and Embraces.—'Till to Morrow
The Sultan will be absent; this (tho' short)
Is better than an Age of vulgar Life.
Thus shall I manage to the best Advantage
Each precious Moment—Ev'n in Death's last Pangs
My closing Eyes shall view thee; and my Ears
Drink in the Musick of thy charming Accent:
Thy dear, lov'd Name shall cool upon my Lips
The last; or die unfinish'd on my Tongue.

Abr. Nay, then indeed I am compleatly wretched;
Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that
Which, if obtain'd, is worse than Death—O fly,
Fly, my dear Lord—Since your own Life is valu'd
At nothing by you, let my Danger wake you;
Think how you can endure to see me die.

Pyr. I know the Sultan's Love will save thy Life;
He'd sooner stab himself than thee—Too well
I know thy Pow'r to apprehend that Danger.

Abr. What shall I do to save him?—Yet in pity
To me, consider what I must endure
To see thee in thy last convulsive Agonies;
Strangled by impious Hands before my Face,
Gasping for Life, and sobbing out thy Soul——
Oh! Horror!—Dismal Image!—Speak you, Sir——
[To the Kisser.

Persuade him from this Frenzy—Sure you will,
Unless, like him, you too have lost your Senses;
Quite doz'd and stupify'd with our Misfortunes.

Kiss. My Lord, you must comply; and let our Pray'rs
Divert you from this desp'rate Resolution.

For tho' that Fair One may be safe, your self
And Friend must both inevitably perish.

(d'ring,

Pyr. My Friend?—Oh! whither have my Thoughts been wan-
That I should be regardless of thy Safety?

That Thought indeed has broke my firm Resolves——
And now I go——It cannot, will not be——

My Soul is quite unable to command

My Body, or my Body to obey——

Do? Leave such Excellence?—No; rather banish

All Reason, common Sense, and be a Villain;

Do any thing, do, suffer any thing,

H

Rather

Rather than part——Again at this Distraction?——
 What? Be a Villain?——Insupportable——
 O pardon me, my Friend——And lest I should
 Relapse again, sound Villain in my Ears.——
 Yes——I am conquer'd now——I'd sooner suffer
 Death, Fire, Racks, Wheels, Impalements, ev'n the Pangs
 Of losing her; nay, after that, of Life,
 Than wrong my Friend——And lest impetuous Passion
 Again should blind my Reason, I will go
 This Minute——Yet——once more——one last Embrace——
 And then——farewel——for ever——

[Just as he is going off]

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Ha! so familiar! clasp'd in their Embraces!
 Just as I was inform'd——But is it possible?
 Is this my choicest Fav'rite?——Art thou *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Sultan, I am.

Mah. Prodigious Insolence!——

Presum'st thou then to brave me to my Face,
 And thus avow thy black Ingratitude?
 Dost thou not blush?——But thou dost well to skreen
 Thy Impudence with *Ethiopian* Night;
 That black Complexion suits thy guilty Mind,
 And th'ignominious Habit of a Slave
 Becomes thee well——A Gen'ral's warlike Dress
 Disguis'd thee most——This is thy proper Garb,
 And well befits thy base, degen'rate Soul.

Pyr. How canst thou brand me with that hateful Vice
 Which I disdain to name? Me who have prop'd
 Thy sinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with Conquest.
 Ev'n by this Act for which thou now upbraid'st me,
 I wrong thee not; for know the beauteous *Abra*
 Has long been mine before she saw thy Court.

Mah. Thine, Villain, thine? That lovely Creature thine?
 By what——But I'll not parly with my Slave;
 Away to Death with that audacious Traytor;
 Whose unexampled Boldness so amaz'd me,
 That I'd almost forgot I was a Monarch.
 Quick, instantly, dispatch——I will not hear him.

Abr. O spare him, save him, spare your Heroe's Life;
 His Love——

Mab. Dar'st thou, Ungrateful, intercede?
Did not thy Charms protect thee, thou shou'dst bleed.
But tho' thy Beauty fires me, yet I hate thee;
And know, 'tis more love of my self than thee,
That saves thee from my Fury.

Abr. Barb'rous Tyrant——
O pardon, Sir, that heedless, rash Expression——
You are all that's Good, Majestick, Great, and Noble;
I will embrace and kiss your Royal Feet,
Do any thing to save his precious Life.

Mab. Fool that thou art by this fond Intercession
To wing his Fate——Why, for thy sake he dies:
Nor can'st thou study more effectually
To plead against him, than by pleading for him.

Abr. Will nothing mollifie that flinty Heart?
Unless you instantly reverse his Sentence;
No Promises nor Threats, no Racks nor Crowns
Shall urge me to comply with your Desires.
But if——

Mab. Speak on, for I can listen now.

Pyr. I charge thee hold; I bar that fatal Compact——
Think'st thou to save my Life by this Compliance?
No, no, my Love——The thought of that will end me
Sooner than his Commands; then thou wilt be
My Murd'ress, and my dying Breath shall curse thee.

Mab. Confusion!—How he trifles with my Fury!
Away, ye Villains, bear him to his Death;
And let that hellish Slave, his base Accomplice,
[Points to the Killer.
The Abetter of his Treasons, share his Fate.
Off, Traitors——

Abr. Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monster;
[Rising, drops a Letter.
Shun thy loath'd Sight, and fly from the most hated
To the most lov'd of Men——O my dear Lord!
Thus will I grow for ever to thy Breast,
And die with thee; his Rage shall never part us.

Mab. Give me a Dagger——I'll defer no longer
My just Revenge——No, Serpents, I'll not part you;
But join you closer, nail you to each other——

Ha! stay a Moment— This may discover more.

[Just going to stab 'em, spies the Letter.]

'Tis that detested Villain's Character—

Curse on your Kindness—Ha! Another Rival!

Another Rival mention'd in this Letter—

Where will my Tortures end? But yet 'twas lucky

I stab'd 'em not before I spy'd this Paper;

Then had this unknown Traitor 'scap'd my Vengeance.

Abr. So he shall still for me; I'll ne'er discover him.

Mah. Why, dost thou love him too?—

Abr. No—He's of all Mankind, except thy self,

The greatest Object of my Scorn and Hate;

But I will shelter him from thy Revenge,

To make him instrumental to my own.

Mah. I understand thee not, thou talk'st in Riddles—

What e'er thou mean'st, I scorn thy foolish Threats.

But I shall yet unfold this Mystery;

Since she persists so obstinate, speak thou;

Thou wilt not sure protect thy hated Rival.

[To Pyr.]

Pyr. Yes, since I can no more be injur'd by him,

I'll shield him from thy Fury—My great Soul

Disdains to stoop to such a mean Revenge.

Nor will I stain my Honour at my Death,

By such a base and cowardly Impeachment.

Mah. So resolute?—Yet we shall find a way—

Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this Secret.

Pyr. The Rack? How I despise thy feeble Menaces!

I thought thou had'st known me better, than to think

That Torments can unhinge my Resolution.

Abr. O Cruelty!—I cannot bear that Thought—

Your other Rival is—

Pyr. O hold—

Thou may'st perhaps repent this rash Discov'ry—

Besides, I know and see it in his Eyes;

His Rage is now so high, that this Impeachment

From thee, or any other but my self,

Will not prevent the Torments he has threaten'd.

Mah. Thou counsell'st well; I take thee at thy Word;

Nothing shall do it, but thy own Confession,

Which, spight of thee, Racks shall at last extort.

Abr.

Abr. He has no sense of Manly Bravery,
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.

Mah. I thank thee——Thou dost well to rail away
My foolish Qualms of Love which curb'd my Vengeance;
And let my Fury loose to blast you both.
Again at their Embraces——Oh Distraction!
Guards seize 'em both, and drag 'em both to Death——
Come back, ye Slaves, he dies that touches her;
Where is thy Fury now?

Abr. Why think'st thou, Tyrant,
To gain my Favour by thy foolish Mercy?
My Death had pleas'd me more.

Mah. I know it, Sore'refs;
Therefore thou shalt not die——No, I've resolv'd
At once to satiate my Revenge, and Love.
Tear 'em asunder, and then bear her hence.

Abr. Farewel, my Love; when thy great Soul has left
Thy tortur'd Body, stay a Moment for me,
Hover a while in this inferior Region;
I shall o'ertake thee soon——Then we'll defie
This haughty Tyrant's Rage, and mount together. [Exit.]

Mah. Guards, execute your Orders on those Slaves——

Pyr. Without Reluctance I embrace my Doom;
But should indeed deserve the odious Brand
Of foul Ingratitude, should I conceal
Your Danger; for you're still my Royal Master,
Tho' Love has made this fatal Breach between us.
Be careful of your Safety——I suspect
Some form'd Design against your Government;
And still (ev'n since I've known you for my Rival)
Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this
A base Submission to prolong my Life;
I would not now accept of such a Favour.

Mah. 'Tis false——But think not thou shalt thus disarm
My Vengeance——Guards, do as you first were order'd;
Let him, as I commanded, bear the Rack;
He well deserves it, if for nothing else,
Yet for his saucy Love——His Crime's the same:
With his who Rivall'd the great Thunderer:
Therefore it is but just his Punishment
Should be the same which that rash Fool endur'd.

O were it in my Pow'r to make his Pains
As lasting too; like that, this bold *Ixion*
Should suffer in a Circle of fresh Woe,
A Round of still returning Torment feel,
And groan out Ages on the racking Wheel. [Exit.

Pyr. See her no more! O harsh Decree of Fate!
And then to think what will become of her,
Left to a Tyrant's Rage——That's double Torture.——

Offic. My Lord, we must obey the Sultan's Order,
By leading you to Death.

Pyr. Ha! well remember'd!
My Soul was so entirely taken up
With Thought of her, that lost in Contemplation,
I swear I had forgot I was to die——
Nor is it strange——I've more than dy'd already,
Have born a far more cruel Separation
Than that of Soul and Body——O my Torment! ——
O haste, and bear me to the Rack for ease.

Offic. Your Mightiness must share a milder Fate.

[To the Kissler.

Pyr. My Friend to die? —Then once more I'm a Coward—
This weight of Woe falls heavier on my Soul,
Than all I yet have suffer'd——O my Friend,
Am I the curst Occasion of thy Death?
Have I betray'd thy Innocence to Ruin?
The Tortures of a thousand Wheels and Engines
Are Downy Beds of Ease, and soft Repose,
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Kiss. My Lord, you wrong me,
While you with such Concern resent my Death.
Your Sorrow calls me Coward——but unjustly——
I have a Soul that scorns the fear of dying.

Pyr. O wond'rous Courage!
But still I'm curst the more, by being the ruin
Of so much Worth——I could, without regret,
In my own Person die a thousand Deaths;
But thus to die in thee is insupportable.

Offic. My Lords, we must dispatch; for all those *Bassas*,
Whose Heads the raging Multitude demanded,
Must suffer with you.

Pyr. Ha! not bear the Rack?

Offic.

Offic. No, my Lord.

Pyr. No, 'tis not just they should—I am their Gen'ral,
And by superior Eminence demand
A larger share of Fate—Nor is it fit
They should aspire to rival me in Death.
Come on—I'll strip off this vile, less'ning Habit,
And deck my self with all the Pomp of War:
Then, as it is my Duty, head my Soldiers
To this our last, but far most glorious Conflict.
Methinks I'm more at Ease, now Death approaches;
Secure of any future Separation
From her I love——

We soon shall meet, never to part again——
In that my Hopes are center'd; and by that
Imagination wound so high, that now
My Soul, intent on Paradise and her,
Ev'n on the Rack it's Firmness shall maintain;
All wrapt in Thought, and negligent of Pain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Solyman and Haly.

Sol. CHUSE to be tortur'd, rather than discover
His mortal Foe? What Frenzy has possess'd thee?

Hal. My Lord; I cannot wonder
That such amazing Generosity
Exceeds Belief; but that you are conceal'd
From *Mahomet* by the Visier, is as true
As that I have your Promise to succeed him.

Sol. O matchless Instance of Heroick Virtue!
But if the Greatness of his Soul be tinctur'd
With the least Mixture of Humanity,
I shall be yet impeach'd—He's more than Heroe,
If having felt the Torments of the Rack,
He still persist t' endure those ling'ring Pains
To Death it self; and all to save the Life
Of his most cruel and invet'rate Foe:

'Tis

'Tis not to be conceiv'd; he must betray me,
And Ruin yet attends me.

Hal. To prevent it,

You must with all imaginable Speed
Disarm your Brother of the Pow'r to hurt you.
This very Moment the *Divan* is sitting
In secret Consultation, to dethrone
The Sultan; and in less than half an Hour
The black deposing *Fetfa* will be sign'd.

Enter Cuproli.

But *Cuproli* appears; his Haste and Looks
Speak it already done.

Cupr. Hail, mighty *Solyman*!
Great Monarch, hail—I come with full Commission
To greet thee by that Title—Kneel, my Friend.

[*Both kneel.*

Thus we salute you Emperor, and thus
Present the Homage of the whole *Divan*.

Sol. Rise, worthy Friends; and, with my charming Empress,
Still share my Heart—But say, how fares the Visier?
E'er this he has impeach'd me—Is't not so?

Cupr. O fear not him—No Human Force can shake him
When he has once resolv'd.

Sol. Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity
Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more
For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,
Than he has for his greatest Enemy.
To him I owe my Life, my Love, and Empire;
To him, whose Life and Honour I betray'd.
This unexampled Brav'ry so affects me,
That I could weep for his untimely Fall;
And curse my self, the Author of his Ruin.
But is he dead?

Cupr. 'Tis sure he cannot live;
But whether he has yet expir'd I know not.

Sol. If there remain a Possibility
Of saving him, I'll instantly give Orders
To have his Life preserv'd, and all Means us'd
To heal his Wounds; and wish 'twere in my Pow'r
To make such Worth Immortal.

[*Exit Solyman.*

Cupr.

Cupr. Your Commands
Will come too late; spight of your Care he dies:
And by his Fall I rise to all those Honours
To which my restless Soul has long aspir'd.
At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious Goal;
And now methinks the Charms of Greatness seem
More amiable than ever: The bright Object,
Drawn nearer to me, ravishes my Sight,
And I'm transported with Excess of Pleasure.

Hal. Suspend your Raptures 'till you've gain'd the Prize.

Cupr. O! I'm secure; as fully satisfy'd
As if I had receiv'd the great Commission.

Hal. Then you are sure t' obtain the Grant of it
From *Solyman*.

Cupr. Most certain.

Hal. Has he promis'd?

Cupr. No; but you know we two divide his Heart,
He can deny us nothing.

Hal. Perhaps he can.

Cupr. Why?

Hal. Because it is not in his Pow'r to give
The same Degree of Honour to us both.

Cupr. But he has store of Honours to dispose of.

Hal. But not of equal Value.

Cupr. Ha! What mean'st thou?

Hal. Only to let you see that 'tis yet possible
You may be disappointed.

Cupr. Why? Your Reason?

Hal. Because the new made Sultan, to my Knowledge,
Has giv'n his Royal Promise to another.

Cupr. Thou hast not plaid me false?

Hal. No, I'm not false to you; I've only been
True to my self—that's all.

Cupr. Thou hast not gain'd
The Visier's Office, sure.

Hal. I have.

Cupr. Amazement!

Art thou a Friend?

Hal. A true one to my self.

Cupr. Infamous Villain!—But thou triflest with me;
No Man, I'm certain, has a greater share

Of *Solyman's* Affections than my self.

Hal. I grant it——Not a greater, but as great:
We two are equal Sharers of his Heart;
And I, by speaking first, have gain'd my Point.
Tho' that be but a small Advantage o'er thee,
Yet when both Sides are at an even Poise
A Grain will turn the Ballance.

Cupr. Treach'rous Miscreant!
False, undermining Traitor!——Hast thou then
Deceiv'd my honest, unsuspecting Heart?
Why didst thou not discover thy Pretensions
Before?

Hal. Because I then had lost my Aim.
Such a Discov'ry had dissolv'd the Tie
Of our Cabal, and made a Breach between us.
But now by soothing thee with flatt'ring Hopes,
And seeming well contented with that Honour
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd
All your Endeavours to my own Advantage;
And gain'd that Dignity by your Assistance,
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

Cupr. Hast thou the Front to glory in thy Falshood?
The worst of Falshood, to supplant thy Friend.

Hal. A Friend!——Why, Fool, should such notorious Villains
As thou and I usurp that sacred Title?
Friendship is still accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds;
But 'tis a Stranger to such Breasts as ours.
True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
And form Conspiracies; but still the Bond
Which holds our mercenary Souls together
Is our own Int'rest.——How couldst thou expect
Friendship in me? when thou long since hast known
That I'm as very a Villain as thy self.

Cupr. Thou need'st not by provoking Words enflame
My Fury higher; that's superfluous Folly:
Th'unsufferable Injury thou hast done me!
Calls loudly for Revenge.——I'll pay it home;
Once more I'll make the Visier's Office vacant,
And through thy Heart——

[Draws]

Hal

Hal. Be not too confident;
You'll find that *Solyman* has not conferr'd
That Office on a Person who wants Pow'r
And Courage to defend it.

[*Draws.*

[*Fight.*

Cupr. Thou hast conquer'd——
I have my Death.

Hal. Both conquer'd, and both Conquerors.
Thou hast return'd the fatal Wound I gave thee;
And, loaded with the weight of all my Crimes,
I sink with thee never to rise again.

Cupr. How dismal does approaching Death appear
To Souls oppress'd with Guilt? E'er this I fear
The Visier's dead——

And no Forgiveness can be hop'd from him.
Yet 'twould abate the Hell within my Breast,
To have my Pardon seal'd by that brave Man,
And that Fair Innocence whom we have wrong'd.
But see——She comes——Let us, with our last Breath,
Confess our Villanies, and die before her,
Mourning our Crimes, and gasping for her Pardon.

Enter Abra with Guards, and Zaida.

Abr. Death's busie ev'ry where——Thro' all the Court
I meet with nought but Hurry and Confusion——
This way I heard the Noise of clashing Swords;
And now my Fancy is so full of Death,
That all its Horrors are familiar to me.
Perhaps my Lord has taken his Advantage
Of this Disorder; and some lucky Accident
Giv'n him an Opportunity t'escape
By Force of Arms——Ha! What dire Object's this?——
What are you?——Speak——If you have Breath to tell me.

Cupr. O Empress!——O thou injur'd Innocence,
In us behold the Authors of your Woes
Dying, and with their latest Breath confessing
Their unexampled Villanies.——

Abr. What mean you?——

Hal. By our Contrivance you were first discover'd
To *Mahomet*; and from that fatal Source
Flow'd all your Mis'ries.——

Cupr. By our Instigation
The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,

And brought the Gallant Visier to his End.

Abr. Then he is dead——O execrable Villains!——

Cupr. All that we now Petition is your Pardon——
Slight not our Sorrows, and repentant Tears.

Abr. If my Forgiveness will allay your Pains,
You have it——For my Vengeance reaches not
Beyond the Grave——

Hal. The Joys above——

Cupr. For ever Crown you.

Abr. Remove 'em from my sight——These faithful Soldiers,
Whom Love and Rev'rence for their murder'd Gen'ral
Have thus inspir'd to serve me for his sake,
And free me from Confinement, contrary
To *Mahomet's* Command, who strictly charg'd them
To guard me safe on Forfeit of their Lives;
These very faithful Soldiers may perhaps
Be further instrumental to the Justice
Which I have vow'd——For can I think with Patience,
Can I reflect upon the barb'rous Usage,
The cruel Torments which have been inflicted
Upon the best of Men? Can I reflect
Upon his cracking Joints, and broken Limbs;
And all that sad Variety of Pains,
Which he distended on the cursed Engine,
O'er all his mangled Body groaning felt?——
O! can I think on this, and be content
With Tears, and vain Complaining?——Those indeed
Serve to relax less Miseries——But now
Nothing but just Revenge can ease my Soul.

Enter Solyman with Janizaries.

Sol. Forgive me, Madam, that I again Presume
Unsent for, to intrude into your presence——
Trembling and doubtful I with Dread approach you,
Fearing your Frowns, yet hoping that the Zeal
Which I have shewn to serve you will, at least,
Procure my Pardon——Furious *Mahomet*,
Who threaten'd you with Rape and horrid Torture,
Is for your sake thrown from the Regal Seat;
I have rescu'd you from his Tyrannick Cruelty,
And now am come with humblest Adoration,
To lay a kinder Monarch at your Feet.

[Dies.

[Dies.

Abr.

Abr. Fate has in part prevented my Revenge;
But I must further it——

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous Love
Merits the best Return that I can make;
Nor shall I prove ungrateful——True, I own
I lov'd the Visier with excess of Passion:
But since a cruel Tyrant's lawless Doom
Has snatch'd him from my Arms, why should I waste
My youthful Bloom, and pine my self away
In fruitless Grief? Why rather should I not
Receive a gen'rous Prince to my Embraces,
Whose Kingly Qualities so well deserve
More Charms than I can give?——

Sol. O Extâsie of Joy!——Transporting Sounds!

Abr. But yet, my Lord, I cannot disengage
My self from that dear Man, 'till I have seen
His Death reveng'd, and ample Justice done
On all his Foes; that Debt I must discharge,
Before I can transfer my Love to you.

Sol. Why I've already taken ample Vengeance
On *Mahomet*——Is not the loss of Empire
Sufficient Punishment?

Enter Marama.

Mar. O fly, my Lord,
Or stand upon your Guard——Fierce *Mahomet*,
Inform'd of what has pass'd in the *Divan*,
By the loud Triumphs of the shouting Soldiers;
With Fury in his Eyes is posting hither
With a strong Guard to seize the beauteous Empress.
But when he finds you here, you must expect
A sharp Encounter——His Despair and Rage
Will prompt him to prodigious Acts of Valour.

Sol. I dread him not; the Courage of my Soldiers
Forbids my Fear.

Omn. We'll die for *Solyman*.

Enter Mahomet with Janizaries.

Mah. Astonishment! Am I again prevented?
Can I not from the universal Wreck
Of all my Fortunes save one precious Jewel?
Was't not enough——Ha! Villain, is it thou?
Th'unnatural Usurper of my Throne?

Art

Art thou that hated Rival, whom 'till now
The partial Fates have shelter'd from my Vengeance?
But think not yet t'escape——Thou hast not here
The Rebel Multitude to aid thy Treason;
But with this handful of yet Loyal Subjects,
I'll on this Spot chastise thy Insolence.
Behold me, Traitor, see this injur'd Face,
And tremble at my Justice.

Sol. Sure thou think'st,
Vain, des'prate Prince, t'uncking me with thy Threats,
And puff me from my Throne with blust'ring Words.
But thou wilt find I am too firmly seated——
And you, who dare oppose your lawful Sov'reign
By publick Voice Elected, and acknowledg'd
By all the Army, and the whole *Divan*;
Urge not your Fates, by clinging round the Ruins
Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time
Forsake him, and implore the Royal Mercy,
Or I will use you as the worst of Traitors.

Mah. Resign that single Beauty to my Arms,
And thou shalt undisturb'd enjoy the Empire.

Sol. Resign her?—No—I sooner would forego
My Crown——For know, 'twas Love, and not Ambition
That rais'd me to Imperial Dignity;
And had I never rivall'd thee in Love,
I never had in Empire.

Mah. Then no more
Of Parly——Come, fall on my Loyal Soldiers,
And if we conquer you shall share the World.

Prepare to Fight; Mahomet's Janizaries revolt.
Deserted? left by all?——No—This is mine,
My faithful Subject still——My Sword is yet
No Traitor, but proves Loyal to the last.

[Kills two of the Janizaries, and continues fighting.]

Sol. I charge you hurt him not——On your Allegiance
Take him alive——So——Guard him safe to Prison——
Away with him——

[Mah. is disarm'd and taken.]

Mah. Yes, lead me to my Prison:
Kind Fate e'er long will give me my Release.
For thee, thou Traitor, did not Rage and Hate
Inspire me more to curse, than pity thee;

I could bewail thee, rather than my self.
 For oh! thou'rt enter'd on a World of Mis'ry;
 And soon with me wilt find, by dire Experience,
 No Government can e'er be safe, that's founded
 On Lust, on Murder, and Despotick Pow'r.
 'Tis not in lawless Strength to turn and manage
 This cumb'rous and unwieldy Bulk of Empire:
 Which, like the restless Sea, still works and tosses
 Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
 How few of my unhappy Successors
 Will 'scape my Fate!—Ev'n while we keep the Throne,
 We fear those Subjects Threats, on whom we frown;
 Infringe their Liberty, and lose our own:
 And hourly prove, by Arbitrary Sway,
 That he's the greatest Slave, whom none but Slaves obey.

[Exit guarded.]

Sol. How am I hurry'd on, and plunge in Guilt!—
 Distracting Horror!—But I'll think no more on't.—
 Away, ye gloomy Thoughts, and leave my Soul
 To Bliss and Raptures inconceivable.
 O come, my Love; delay my Joys no longer,
 Or I shall die with ardent Expectation.

Abr. No—my vow'd Vengeance is not yet compleated;
 One of the Visier's Foes remains unpunish'd.
 For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,
 Hast been the curst Contriver of his Death.
 And think not that thy boundless Pow'r and Greatness
 Shall disappoint my Justice.—By one Stroke
 From all thy Wrongs my Virtue thus I free,
 And kill my self to be reveng'd on thee.

[Stabs her self; *Sol.* wrenches the Dagger from her.]

Sol. Death and Despair! Is this the Consummation
 Of all my Hopes? These my expected Raptures?—
 O 'twas too truly aim'd—The cursed Steel
 Has made its way through the soft snowy Breast,
 And the warm Life-blood bubbles from the Wound.

Abr. No—You've prevented me—I've only raz'd
 The Surface of the Skin—But 'tis in vain;
 Still Death is in my Pow'r, and shall yet free me
 From Violence and Oppression.

Sol.

Sol. Now by Honour,
By all that's just and good, you wrong my Virtue;
I am no Ravisher, no *Mahomet*;
Not your chaste Soul can start with more Abhorrence
At such inhuman Crimes——Some dreadful Curse,
If possible, more dreadful than your Hate,
Light on me, if I ever use my Pow'r
To seize by Force what you deny to Love.

Abr. And may that Curse be trebled on this Head,
If ever I comply with the Desires
Of any second Lord. And think not, Sir,
That I with base Ingratitude requite
The noble, gen'rous Promise you have made me;
This Vow which I repeat has long been on me,
And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.

Enter Pyrrhus with an Officer.

Offic. Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late,
The Visier lives;——
And see he comes to thank you.

Pyr. Gratitude
Must yield to Love——My Soul!—— [Embracing.

Abr. My dearest Lord,
Is't possible, and can I think it true
That you're again restor'd to my Embraces?
'Tis so——He lives——

Pyr. O unexpected Blessing!——

Sol. Villains, Traitors,
How gain'd he Entrance?

Offic. By your own Command.——

Sol. 'Tis false——Thou ly'st——True, I dispatch'd my Orders
To save his Life, but not to bring him hither.

Offic. Forgive the Error of your Slave; I knew not
His Presence would offend you.——

Sol. Offend me? Can there be a greater Plague
Than Rival Love——*——Away, ye impious Ruffians,

[* Guards offer to part 'em.

Touch 'em not for your Lives; you now obey
A virtuous Lover, not a lustful Tyrant.
Yet hear, ye fond ones;——'Tis not, 'tis not prudent
To tempt me——These Embraces may be fatal——

[They separate.
Pyr.

Pyr. My Lord, my Emperor——

Sol. E'er thou proceed,
Say by what Miracle thou hast recover'd
The Torments of the Rack? For thou appear'st
Unhurt, as if no Violence had been offer'd.

Offic. My Lord, none has been offer'd; this great Man
Has ever had the Soldiers Hearts, and that
Has now preserv'd him: For those Officers
Whom *Mahomet* entrusted with his Fate,
Hearing the joyful Multitude with Shouts
Resound your Name, and seeing all things tend
To this great Revolution, gladly took
The Opportunity; and for his sake
Defer'd the Execution of their Orders:
Hoping this sudden Change of Government
Would prove a Means to save him. The Success
Has crown'd their Hopes. Just at that happy Juncture
Your welcom Orders came to have him sav'd.

Abr. Is then his Safety owing to your Goodness?

[To Solyman.

And did you hold me in Suspense so long,
Only to make your Bounty more surprizing?
I understand it now——O, sacred Sir,
May Blessings ever crown your Princely Head.
I know you still design'd we should be happy
In mutual Love——Alas! your Looks are chang'd
To Terror, and you sternly menace Death——
Ah! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again;
I tremble at your Frowns——Still you are angry,
And some deep Thought is rolling in your Breast,
Fatal, I fear, to us.——Yet, O my Lord,
If we must die——

Sol. No; you shall live, and share
My Favours; he my Friend, and you my Empress.

Pyr. To those who love like us, 'tis certain Death
To part; and if you separate, you kill.
O do not, by this after-Act of Cruelty
Resume your gen'rous Grant; but as you're virtuous,
Compleat the Justice which you have begun,
And yield her to my Arms.

K

Sol.

Sol. Yet, yet beware, and urge me not too far——
 'Tis dang'rous tamp'ring with a Prince's Fury;——
 Forego her? Quit her? Yield her to my Rival?
 What? Have I suffer'd so much racking Pain,
 Involv'd my self in so much Guilt and Horror,
 And made my self so curst——to make thee happy?
 Must I have no Reward for all my Toil?
 And thou enjoy——
 Unheard of Insolence!——

Abr. Then we are lost again, and must endure
 The Torments of a second Separation.

Pyr. Why, 'tis th'ingenious Malice of our Fate
 Thus to refine, and vary on our Woes;
 To raise us from Despair, and give us Hopes,
 Only to plunge us in the Gulf again,
 And make us doubly wretched——Yet while Life
 Remains, I cannot totally despair.

O Sir, if Passion has not quite unman'd you,
 With Patience hear a Suit which all just Kings
 Will grant, and none but Tyrants can deny.
 And you, my Friends, if I have any here,
 Kneel with me all; that with united Pray'rs
 We may o'erpow'r him, and his Resolution,
 Oppress'd with Multitudes, be forc'd to yield.

[*All kneel.*

* *Sol.* Treason, Conspiracy——Rise, Traitors, rise;
 He dies that kneels——'Tis Treason to Petition. [All rise.
 What? My *Marama* too?——Art thou confed'rate
 Against thy Sov'raign? Am I thus abandon'd?
 Not one to own my Cause?——Go, call my Friends,
Haly and *Cuproliz*, to my Assistance——
 They will not sure desert me.——

Offic. Royal Sir,
 'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends
 Are by each other slain, in single Combat,
 Contending for the Visier's Office.

Sol. Ha!
 Say'st thou? What slain? And by each others Hands?
 More Horror still?——But let me pause a little——
 My Friends were Villains——And this dreadful Instance
 Of Justice strikes into my lab'ring Soul

Stinging

Stinging Remorse; and spight of all Endeavours
To drown its Cries, Reason will now be heard.

Pyr. See, he relents, his Resolution staggers——
Now, now my Love——

Abr. What is it, Sir, that troubles
Your Royal Breast?——

May nothing discompose it; and however
You shall dispose of my poor Lord and me,
Let all be easie there.——

Sol. For this last Goodness,
If possible, I love thee more than ever;
How then can I resign thee?

Abr. If your Love
Be virtuous and sincere, you will resign me.

Sol. Impossible! Thou talk'st of Contradictions——
Or thus, if to forego thee be a Proof
Of true Affection——let my Rival shew it.

Pyr. I would, by all my Hopes, if you were *Pyrrhus*,
Or were I *Solyman*.

Sol. Why, what's the Difference?

Abr. Did I not swear? Did I not tell you, Sir,
That if I would, I cannot now be yours?

Sol. Thou didst——Oh! Curst Remembrance!——

Abr. And have I not your Royal Oath and Promise,
That you will never force me to your Bed?

Sol. O name it not——My honest Soul abhors
The very mention of so damn'd a Villany.

Pyr. And will you then defraud us of each other,
Without the least Advantage to your self,
Only to make us wretched?——

Sol. No——Since she never can be mine, 'twill prove
Some Satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul
To think she's not another's.

Pyr. Those Expressions
Perhaps might well besit a Tyrant's Mouth;
But sure a just and virtuous Prince can take
No Pleasure in th' unmerited Afflictions
Of those who never wrong'd him——

Sol. 'Tis not to be withstood——The strengt^h of Reason
Presses upon me with resistless force——

I never can possess her—but by Violence;
 And that my Nature shrinks at—Shall I then
 Barb'rously ruin the most perfect Couple
 That ever Nature fram'd; to whom I owe
 My Life, and whom far more than Life I love?
 Shall I with Brutal Rage destroy such Excellence,
 Without the least faint Prospect of Advantage,
 Unless it be to brand my Name with Infamy,
 And write my self upon Immortal Record
 A Villain and a Tyrant?—No; I'll perish first.

Abr. How Indignation flashes from his Eyes!
 Unless he speedily pronounce our Doom,
 Fear will dispatch me, and prevent his Sentence.

Sol. But how to part with her?—There, there's the Difficulty—
 It cannot be—Cannot?—O false Delusion—
 O Fallacy of Thought!—True, it exceeds
 My Pow'r, to cease to Love—But tho' a Wretch,
 Scorch'd in a Feaver, cannot cease to thirst,
 Yet may he throw the baneful Draught away;
 Or beg some Friend to bind his desp'rate Arms:
 May chuse the present Mis'ry, to avoid
 A greater in Reversion; and endure
 The Cravings of unsatisfy'd Desire.
 I can resign her then—Tho' with strong Tortures,
 Reluctant Stugglings, and convulsive Pangs—
 Take, take her—hold—if you regard your Lives,

[*They offer to Embrace.*]

Or dread my just Revenge, forbear your Fondness—
 Nor plague me with your Thanks—For if she speaks

[*They offer to Kneel.*]

I may relapse again—And Oh! be cautious,
 Rash, inconfid'rate Pair, be sure t' avoid
 My Presence; never let me see you more—
 For if you do—You may bewail your Folly;
 Be yet divided from each other's Arms,
 Be carst, and rage, and burn in vain, as I do. [Exit.]

Pyr. He's gone—The great Debate at last is ended—
 And now we safely may indulge our Love:
 O my Heart's Joy, who can express my Happiness,
 Or stretch Imagination to conceive
 The Raptures of my Soul?—

Abr. None, none but I
Who share the mighty Transport, can conceive it;
Nor can ev'n I express it.

Pyr. Speak thou, *Zaida*;
Allay this vast Excess of boundless Pleasure,
And bring us back to common Sense again.

Zaid. I fear indeed I shall allay your Pleasure——
Your Friend, my Lord——

Pyr. Were that good Man in Danger,
Ev'n now I could not be compleatly happy:
But he is safe——My Int'rest in the Soldiers,
Which sav'd me from the Rack, preserv'd his Life.

Zaid. Then you are bless'd indeed, and I with Joy
Equal to yours congratulate your Happiness.

Enter the Kifler Aga.

Kifl. Hearing the welcom News of your Success,
I come, my Lord, to share your Satisfaction.

Pyr. The Bus'ness of my Life shall be to thank thee.
'Tis fit at present we consult our Safety,
Dispatch with all imaginable speed,
And leave the Court this Night.

Kifl. 'Tis true, you cannot
Be too secure——Tho' now there is no Danger——
For *Solyman* already is involv'd
In State Affairs, on ev'ry side surrounded
With thronging Counsellors and busie Crouds:
And now the care of a distracted Empire,
Just at his first Accession to the Throne,
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps
The Torments of his Love.——

Pyr. I would not have him wretched; ——
O my Friend, ——
Behold th' impartial Hand of Justice! ——*Mahomet*
(Tho' I were most ungrateful not to mourn
His Fall) has suffer'd, by the Loss of Empire,
The Punishment due to injurious Tyrants.
Haly and *Cuproli* by Death have met
The Villain's just Reward——Ev'n *Solyman*,
Tho' good and gen'rous in his Temper, feels
The dire Effects of deviating from Virtue.

We only, who with Innocence unshaken
 Have stood th' Assaults of Fortune, now are happy.
 For tho' the worst of Men by high Permission
 A while may flourish, and the best endure
 The sharpest Trials of exploring Mis'ry;
 Yet let Mankind from these Examples learn,
 That pow'rful Villany at last shall mourn;
 And injur'd Virtue Triumph in its Turn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*

OUR Prologue to the Criticks was directed;
But sure the kinder Sex must never be neglected.
Ladies, to you we now address our Pray'r;
Intreat you to be Gen'rous, as you're Fair:
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's Cause;
But Youth and Beauty never yet were Foes.
Do you but shew your Goodness and Compassion,
The other Sex, of course, will give their Approbation.
For if they grant none as the Poet's Due,
They'll sure be kind in Complaisance to you:
If not with us, with you they will comply,
Exert the Lover all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and serene you saw the Princely Guest,
When Windsor was with this bright Presence blest:
Still may the kind Impression here survive,
And we enjoy those Smiles by which we live.
How did the Royal Youth, with wond'ring Eyes,
View such promiscuous Charms, and own his glad Surprise!
Almost unwilling to pursue the War,
And ev'n for Empire to forsake the Fair.

But,

EPILOGUE.

*But, as by English Beauties forc'd to yield,
May he by English Heroes win the Field.
Procure the Revolution he desires,
And safe possess the Beauty he admires.
Thus may th' auspicious Prince securely move,
And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove;
Compleatly blest in Empire, and in Love.*

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

FINIS